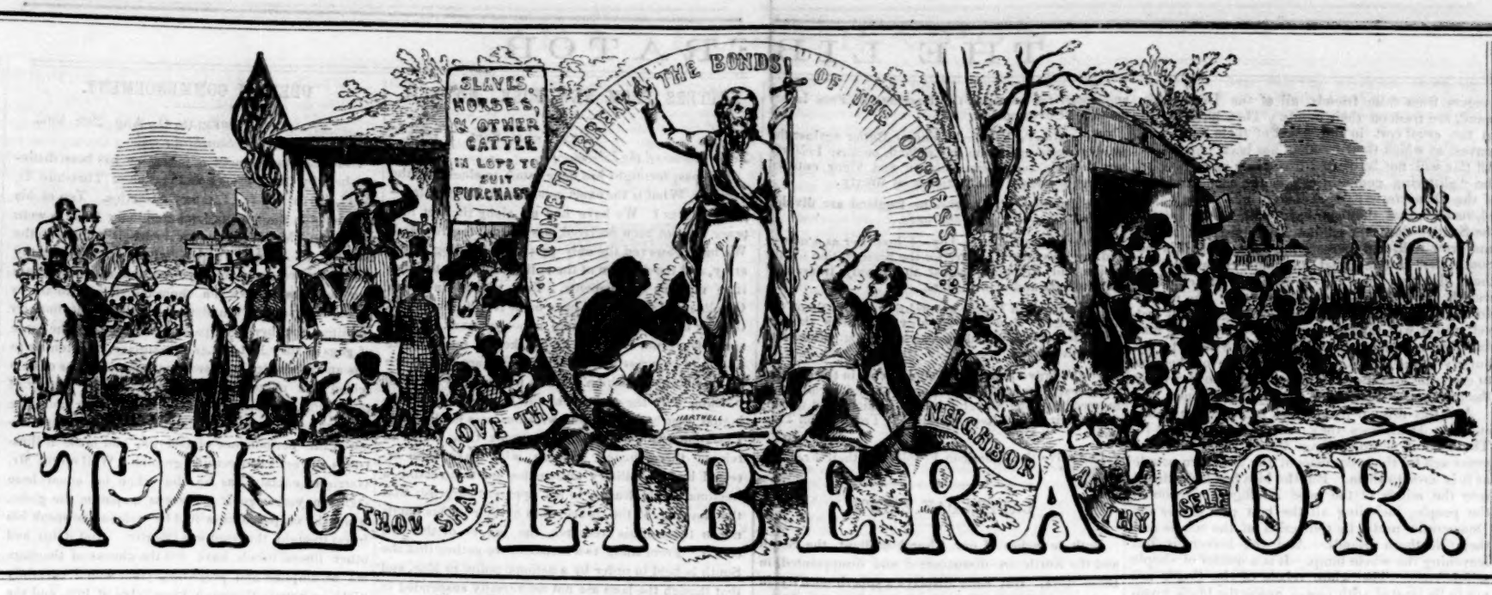
THE LIBERATOR
—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
—AT—
221 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 6.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.

☞ TERMS—Three dollars and fifty cents in advance
☞ Four copies will be sent to one address for TWELVE dollars, if payment is made in advance.
☞ All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed (POST PAID), to the General Agent.
☞ Advertisements of a square and over inserted three times at ten cents per line; less than a square, $1.50 for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly advertisements inserted on reasonable terms.
☞ The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan Anti-Slavery Societies are authorized to receive subscriptions for THE LIBERATOR.
☞ The following gentlemen constitute the Financia Committee, but are not responsible for any debts of the paper, viz:—WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND QUINCY, EDMUND JACKSON, and WILLIAM L. GARRISON, JR.


SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSORS
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THE LIBERATOR.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, CIVIL, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, IN EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a w power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 37. BOSTON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1865. WHOLE NO. 1806.

Selections.

A SPEECH TO BE NOTED.

The following abstract of a speech delivered in the late Mississippi Constitutional Convention is reported by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*:—

Hon. A. R. Johnston said he would offer only a few of the many potent reasons which should induce him to vote against the proviso. He would first review briefly the condition of the State, and then proceeded to draw an eloquent picture of the desolation and ravages of four years of war, the discouragement of the people, and the necessity of restoring civil government, in order that they might again set industriously to work to rebuild the ruins about them, and enjoy plenty and contentment, as of old. We are now subject to an arbitrary military rule; the tramp of armed men is still heard in all our streets; the glitter of the bayonet flashes in our eyes, and, seek to disguise it or evade it as we will, we are essentially in the position of a conquered province—a military dependency. This is something we could not help, and he thought there should be no humiliation or degradation in acknowledging it. It detracts nothing from our manhood and self-respect to acknowledge this, to face the stern facts, and endeavor to mitigate our condition as best we may. We may rest assured, too, that until we give proper evidences of our sincere repentance, by amending our Constitution and making laws to protect and secure the freedman in his rights, we will never, *never* secure our *own* rights. We will be trodden down lower and lower; we will be subjected to fresh insults; the negro troops will be multiplied in our streets, and at last the odious and disgusting doctrine of negro suffrage will be thrust upon us. We must be willing to do anything not absolutely disgraceful or desperate; we must be willing to make any sacrifice, however costly, to secure to ourselves once more the blessings of civil government, to restore again in all its symmetry and perfection the well-ordered machinery of civil rule, and the day when every man could sit under his own vine and fig-tree, without any one to molest or to make afraid. Let us make every effort in our power to remove from us every vestige of the unhappy and unfortunate war which has desolated us, to restore the blessed days of peace, when the harsh notes of the reveille shall no more break upon our ears, and when we shall no longer be subjected to insult upon our streets.

Now, what was demanded of them that they might secure this so great a boon? The President had told them he had told the South Carolina delegation substantially what would be expected; he now honestly believed President Johnson was the friend of the South, and wished them well, and, though he had always been opposed to him in politics, he intended to give him his hearty support. Now, it was apparent to all, without a word of positive instructions, that the great thing they *must* do to be acceptable at Washington was to present a free Constitution; and with all due deference to those who thought otherwise, he believed this proviso would destroy the good effect of that Constitution—it would kill it. Let us do this thing frankly, honestly, sincerely; let us put a clean, square, straightforward amendment in the Constitution, without any whereases and preambles or conditions whatever. Let us not clog our work with any extraneous language. If they did as he advised, he was certain, morally certain, they would succeed at Washington, and be admitted once more. He had no doubt of it. But, if they added this proviso, they made their work conditional. Look at the matter just as it is. If we adopt this proviso, then we, a conquered, vanquished people, utterly helpless before the victors, say to them, If *you* will do so and so, then *we* will do as you wish us. How preposterous! The President, and all our friends at the North—for we have friends there—will be discouraged and disgusted with us; the President's "experiment" will be considered a failure, and we will not receive such lenient treatment, such generous offers as heretofore. Then the radicals of the North will have the occasion they have sought, and we will be driven away from Washington, and we shall not return there until we have accepted that last abasement, negro equality.

If we offer this proviso, the people of the North will have just occasion against us; they will say, Look at this people; they are not subdued yet; they are still rebellious, and have the intolerable presumption to come up here talking about *compensation*, and about *their rights*, forsooth, and seeking to make bargains with us; that they will do such a thing, if we first give them their rights! Oh! it is not be so inexpressibly foolish as to do this.

As to the right of compensation, about which some gentlemen talked so much, he admitted that the South would suffer a great loss; that they had a fair right to their slaves; that the institution was right, and sanctioned of God; that he had defended it for forty years, and still believed in it, as an abstract right; but, notwithstanding all this, the institution is gone from us; it is dead, *dead*, DEAD—forever and hopelessly dead. He would as soon expect to see the sheeted dead rise from the hundred grey battle-fields of the South, where they had fallen in its defence, as to see slavery come forth from its grave. It had been wounded in the house of its friends, and, stricken with a mortal hurt, had perished forever; and he believed the combined efforts of Christendom would soon have destroyed it, in any event. Now that it is dead, let us only look at the living facts before us. He admitted that those who pleaded for the widows and orphans, who would be stripped of means by losing a few slaves, presented the matter in a pathetic light; that their sorrows and suffering were not unknown to him, nor unregarded; but he firmly believed—and the best legal gentlemen of the State were with him—that their right would remain unimpaired by their amendment. It touched no claims in the past, but only said that *hereafter* there should be no slavery in the State. How could this impair any existing right as against the United States? All this was true of the legal, the *abstract* right alone; but he believed that the right was, after all, a vague, shadowy, misty right, which never would be of any avail. He did not believe that there was a gentleman in the hall who expected to get a dollar for his slaves, but only cherished an unsubstantial hope that somehow, at some far distant period of time, in the great history of human events, something might turn up by which they might get compensation. As for himself, he expected nothing, hoped for none. Why, how absurd it was to suppose that a people who had been warring with logic against the institution for forty years, and with the sword for four—whose whole life and education and ideas had been directed against it, and bent upon its destruction—how absurd that was, when they had accomplished its destruction, they would turn about and make compensation for it! Out with such nonsense! Besides, if the Government were never so willing to make compensation, and were never so well disposed toward the people of the South, it was not able to do it; there was no money to spare; there is too great a debt to be paid. Perhaps it may be, in the far-off future, a sense of returning justice, and a replenished treasury filled up by the offerings of a great and prosperous people, may allow, even suggest, this compensation to widows and orphans at least; but even that was very doubtful.

Did gentlemen propose to try the question before the courts? It was useless. The United States could not be sued. The matter might be brought before a Court of Claims; and if they should allow a claim, and Congress should make an appropriation to meet it, they might get redress, but not otherwise.

It ought to be borne in mind, also, that the proviso would accomplish nothing whatever in the way of saving slavery. If they were admitted to Congress, then, by the terms of the proviso itself, slavery became dead; and if they were rejected, they might rest assured that Mississippi would remain under military rule, and the institution would then be doubly dead.

DESTITUTION OF THE SOUTH.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2, 1865.

I have not conversed with one man from the South who does not tell the same story: The people of the late insurgent States are inconceivably destitute and poor. The rebellion absorbed so much of their substance that when it ended in defeat, they were emaciated with over-work, hungry, homeless, and hopeless. The situation of East Virginia is terrible beyond description. Fredericksburg is a pile of wretchedness and ruin—a second Richmond, in fact. Petersburg, though not as much battered as others, is only slowly recovering its former vigorous prosperity. Lynchburg, the great tobacco mart, where, for a long period during the war, natural advantages repelled attack and permitted trade, is stricken as with a paralysis. What is true of these three is true of all the Virginia towns. From the harried country come starving multitudes to prey upon despairing citizens. Masterless slaves, slaveless masters, women bereft of the comforts of home, reckless men, who see their situation, and yet refuse to mend it, discharged rebel soldiers, make up a populace that would be a comical picture if it did not alarm and shock good men by its inexpressible wo. The farther you penetrate into the bowels of the land, the more horrors you encounter. Sherman's march from Atlanta to Savannah, and back through the Carolinas, has left a broad track of vengeance, terrible in all its aspects, and the more so because made by one who loved those whose stupendous crimes invited and quickened his chastening blow. Atlanta itself, Rome, Athens, Savannah, Andersonville, Millen, Macon, Augusta, all stand blasted monuments of the anger of God upon slavery and its fiend-like instruments. In Alabama the spectacle is the same, or worse. From Mobile to Montgomery—including Huntsville, Selma, and other places of equal importance—the work of war is hideously complete. South Carolina is one great poor-house, with its dismantled port of Charleston, its charred and crumbling State capital, Columbia, and its once beautiful Beaufort, abandoned by its slave despots, and now in the hands of their former "chattels." In Louisiana, New Orleans is gorgeous in the wealth and trade of Yankee occupation, happy in the easy bonds of the friendly conquerors, but the outlying country has been stripped by the contending hosts. Wherever loyalty lived and yet lives in the South, there is comparative ease and safety. But elsewhere, as I have said, there is unbroken poverty and despondency. The one hideous feature after this appalling review *is the absence, in the Southern country, of an intelligent and independent rural population.* From the Virginia border to the Mexican frontier, it was given up to the slave blacks and the degraded whites. The millions of affluent acres, half tilled by compelled toil, were as bare of school-houses and churches as a New England county is of taverns. They were, so to speak, "punctuated" at long intervals by splendid mansions, situated like the houses of the British officials in the penal colonies, a combination of seraglio, hotel, and garrison. All else was slavery and sloth. The breakdown of the rebellion has destroyed these "great houses," and left the myriads of poor toilers in a most miserable plight. Had the rebellion prevailed, the foreign nations that helped it on would have been compelled to relieve and to feed the exhausted multitudes of the South, and to work their cotton, corn, tobacco, sugar and rice fields, to rebuild the towns, and to rule those who, even in destroying their own Government, proved that they could not govern themselves. That the foreign powers would have done, or could have done this, it is not our business to debate. Enough for us that all this mighty task is now ours. How light and trivial the possible power of a people thus prostrate is to make new opposition to the Government! Before that one fact, the sharpest memories of the cruelty of their leaders, and the delusion and submission of themselves, are blunted or softened; and we feel that it is our first province to help, our next to forgive, and our last to punish them. OCCASIONAL.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

STARVATION IN THE SOUTH.

From Gen. L. C. Baker, special Provost Marshal of the War Department, who has just returned from a brief trip through some of the Southern States, on official business, we have full confirmation of the reports that have recently come from those localities, of the utter destitution of the South, and of the desire of the people at large to submit cheerfully to the Government of the United States. Gen. Baker, as may be supposed, kept his eyes and ears wide open throughout his journey, and lost no opportunity of gaining information as to the sentiments of the people.

No language can describe the destitution of these unfortunate people. With a few exceptions—all of which, let us be thankful, will come within the $20,000 clause of President Johnson's proclamation—the people are *actually starving*. They come in flocks from the back country to the line of the railroad, where they hope to pick up something from the passing trains, whereby they can support life from day to day. Here they live in old tents, huts and houses, or sleep in the open air in the woods. They cannot cultivate the soil, for they have no stock, and their farming implements are all worn out. They have no money to purchase more from the North, and very many, particularly of the class known as "poor whites," have not a dollar wherewith to purchase bread for their families.

General Baker stopped at a log cabin to get something to eat. The inmates were just upon the verge of actual starvation. There was a young woman of about thirty years of age—she looked fifty—her mother and two children. The mother was slowly dying of consumption. The daughter was scarcely clad enough to hide her nakedness. Her dress consisted of gunny bags sewed together, and even the miserable apology for raiment was frayed and tattered to rags. Two little children were running about as naked as they were born. There was no coffee, no flour, meat or meal in the house; literally not a crumb to eat. The young woman said, "We were always poor folks, but we could always get enough to eat. Now we have nothing, and do not know how we are to live from day to day. But we are as well off as the rest." A good many of the people about there had died, and the only cause was absolute starvation. The country has been stripped by the two armies, and completely desolated. The unfortunate wretches who have their only home in this world in that barren waste, are really and truly dying for want of healthful and sufficient food. General Baker gave this poor woman five dollars, and she begged that he would allow her "old man" to go on his train up to Atlanta to buy something to eat. The old man, on being produced, was found to be hardly able to drag one leg after another—he was weak from hunger. He went to Atlanta, was furnished with transportation back, and gained for himself and family a week's respite from famine.—*Washington Chronicle.*

LETTER FROM GEN. SHERMAN.

The Huntsville (Alabama) *Advocate* publishes a letter written by Gen. Sherman Aug. 10, 1864, from near Atlanta to an old Southern friend. The following extract will be read with general interest. He is speaking of the outbreak of secession:

"Now, I was in Louisiana, and while the planters and mechanics and industrial people were happy and prosperous, the politicians and busy-bodies were scheming and plotting, and got the Legislature to pass an ordinance of secession, which was submitted to the people, who voted *against* it—yet the politicians voted the State out, and proceeded to take possession of the United States mint, the forts, the arsenal—and tore down the old flag, and insulted it. That, too, before Mr. Lincoln had got to Washington. I saw these things, and begged Bragg, and Beauregard, and Governor Moore, and a host of personal friends, to beware. In that was high treason. But they answered, the North was made up of mean manufacturers, of traders, of farmers, who would not fight. The people of the North *never* dreamed of interfering with the slaves or property of the South. They simply voted as they had a right to do, and they could not understand why the people of the South should begin to take possession of the United States forts and arsenals till our government had done something wrong—something oppressive. The South *began* the war. You know it. I and millions of others living at the South know it; but the people of the North were as innocent of it as your little grandchildren. Even after forts had been taken, public arms stolen from our arsenals and distributed among the angry militia, the brave and honest freemen of the great North could not realize the fact, and did not until Beauregard began to fire upon a garrison of the United States troops in a fort built by the common treasury of the *whole* country. Then, as by a mighty upheaval, the people rose and began to think of war, and not until then. I resigned my post in Louisiana in March, 1861, *because* of the public act on the part of the State in seizing the United States arsenal at Baton Rouge, and went to St. Louis, where I readily got lucrative employment, hoping that some change would yet avert the war. But it came, and I and all of military education had to choose.

I repeat that then, as now, I had as much love for the honest people of the South as any man living. Had they remained true to the country, I would have resisted, even with arms, any attack upon their rights—even their slave rights. But when, as a people, they tore down our old flag and spit upon it, and called us cowards, and dared us to the contest, then I took up arms to maintain the integrity of our country, and punish the men who challenged us to the conflict. Is this not a true picture? Supposing the North had patiently submitted, what would have been the verdict of history and the world? Nothing else but the North was craven and coward. Will you say the North is craven and coward now? Cruel and inhuman as this war has been, and may still continue to be, it was forced upon us. We had no choice. And we have no choice yet. We must go on even to the end of time; even if it result in taking a million of lives and desolating the whole land, leaving a desert behind. We must maintain the integrity of our country. And the day will come when the little grandchild you love so well will bless us who fought that the United States of America should not sink into infamy and worse than Mexican anarchy by the act of Southern politicians, who care no more for you, or such as you, than they care for Hottentots. I have never underrated the magnitude of this war, for I know the size of the South, and the difficulty of operating in it. But I also know that the Northern races have ever since the war began had more patience and perseverance than the Southern races. And so it will be now—we will persevere to the end. All mankind shall recognize in us a brave and stubborn race, not to be deterred by the magnitude of the danger.

A REBEL BISHOP.

Southern Christianity grows phosphoric in its decay. To borrow the language used by John Randolph in contrasting greater talent with far less meanness, "it shines and stinks, and stinks and shines, like a rotten mackerel by moonlight." The latest example of this luminous decay is the letter elsewhere published, from Bishop Elliott, of the Episcopal Church of Georgia, to the editor of the *Church Journal*. In this the reader will especially note the sentiment that now, after the rebellion has been decided to be a rebellion and the Government has vindicated its right to govern, it is the duty of southern Christians to venerate such leading rebels as Bishop General Polk and others named, thereby lending their religious sanction to treason and rebellion as meritorious and holy. For these rebels he says "there must be no word of obloquy or dispraise." He boasts that he "was not anxious to submit himself to the yoke," and finally speaking of the freedmen he brings in the usual copperhead exclamation, "We can survive the change, and one day flourish again, but not they—*their fate is sealed*, and the edict of Puritanism has already gone forth. If you can and will not work, you must die." The edict of Puritanism has indeed gone forth, though the Bishop's deficient knowledge of the Bible has prevented him from quoting its language with a nice regard to the letter. The edict bears date of the year one, was issued in the Garden of Eden; and the Bishop, if he has a Bible (and if not, any Puritan will give him one), will find it in Genesis, ch. III., v. 19. It is addressed alike to Bishop Elliott and to the humblest negro, and runs thus: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground."

We doubt if Mr. "Bishop" Elliott ever saw a negro who was not more ready to obey this edict than the so-called Bishop himself. Are the Bishop's ears so elongated that he supposes the world does not know that all there is of slavery is that the negro would rather work than fight, while the slaveholder would rather fight than work? How then can he hope to get people to swallow the transparent lie, that the negro is less willing to work than the slaveholder? The negroes, though but two-fifths of the population, have done four-fifths of the work of the South for two centuries. Though oppressed by slavery, they have increased in numbers as rapidly as the white race. What, then, mean these foolish assertions about extermination? They mean simply barbarism, and the Bishop is a fair representative of the clerical savage, who dares to preach, perhaps to believe, that the Kingdom of Christ is crumbling, and universal ruin is impending, because the myriad abominations and crimes of slavery are being swept away; because He in whose name the Bishop pretends to speak hath "broken every yoke, and let the oppressed go free."—*Chicago Tribune.*

WHAT A SOUTHERN BISHOP SAYS.

Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, writes a letter prescribing certain conditions on which the Episcopal Church South will fraternize with the Episcopal Church North. There must be no hard things said in the coming Convention respecting the memories of those brethren who have fallen in the service of the Confederacy. The Southern Bishops must be guarded against even the possibility of any painful allusions to their honored dead. Especially, "our beloved Bishop Polk" must not be assailed—*his* memory is sacred! Says Bishop Elliott:

"I think that it is our duty to guard the memory of our deceased Bishops, Meade, Otey, and especially our beloved Polk. Not that we should expect any indorsement from the General Convention of their views and actions, but that we should feel assured that no reproach, either direct or implied, will be cast upon their graves. About ourselves, the living, we care but little; we are here, and can defend ourselves; *but the reputation of the dead is in our keeping, and we can fraternize with nobody who would willingly disturb their ashes.* They have lived and died for us, and however wrong others may think them, we revere their memory and weep over their graves. Nor, I frankly say it, do I anticipate, when recalling the worthy, high-toned men who once formed our General Convention, any action that would be disparaging to them or painful to us; but yet I feel it to be the duty of the Church over which I have been called temporarily to preside, to guard against any such possibility. Silence, if you please, but let it be distinctly understood that there shall not be a word of obloquy or dispraise."

Bishop Elliott need give himself no anxiety on the score to which he alludes. His brother Hopkins will guard him against any possibility of being aggrieved by any terms of dispraise such as he describes. Indeed, it would not surprise us should the coming Episcopal Convention pass resolutions eulogistic of the memory of the beloved Polk who fell fighting for slavery.—*Boston Universalist.*

CONDITION AND TEMPER OF THE SOUTH.

During the session of the American Iron and Steel Association, at Cleveland, last week, the Hon. John Covode, of Philadelphia, who was en route for home from an official tour of observation South, happened to be present, and was invited to deliver an address on Reconstruction at the South. The *Herald*, of that city, gives the following brief synopsis of the speech, which, it says, was replete with thought and feeling:

MR. COVODE'S REMARKS.

He said he had been recently sent by government to look into the condition of affairs in the Mississippi States, and had had come home very much discouraged with the prospect. Most of his time had been spent in Louisiana. He found there the officers who had been elected by the Union party, finding the rebel sentiment strongest, had gone over to them. The Governor, after loud professions of loyalty, after joining the Union League, so soon as placed in authority, had deserted and betrayed the party that elected him. More than one hundred rebel officers were discharging the duties of the government under him, dressed in their rebel uniforms. Our men are becoming discouraged, and threaten to leave the country if the army is withdrawn. The Governor claims from the National Government pay for the liberated slaves, yet refuses to assist in the payment of the national debt. He claims in the event they do not receive pay for their slaves, those slaves shall be sent out of the country—to Mexico or elsewhere. Mr. Covode had been up and down the country, and found no white man handling the plow or doing other labor—the negroes did it all. Who would do the work if the negroes were sent out? The Governor replied, whites from the North, or from abroad. He answered that when the whites sought the South, it would be as owners, not as servants.

Mr. Covode found the same state of affairs in South Carolina, and, in fact, throughout a great portion of the South. They are all in favor of free trade. There are among them no dissensions. They do not intend to help pay for whipping themselves.

It is time for people having interests in the country to organize. The rebels all vote, though not one in twenty is loyal. The only clear way out of the difficulty is to extend to every loyal man the right of suffrage. The loyal whites of the South are in favor of it, not that they have any regard for the negro, but because they see in it their only hope when the army shall have been withdrawn. What is to be done? The questions of Finance and Reconstruction are the questions of the country. What is to be done with these questions? We must send men of energy, men of capital, to buy up their estates and retrieve the country. He had talked with the Governor of Massachusetts upon the subject, who had gone home full of it, and intended to urge his people to make such investments. The question of franchise must be met in some shape. We have used the negro as a soldier, and is it right that we should now turn him off? Is it right to give the South an increased representation of thirteen votes, when they refuse to bestow upon the loyal portion of their community the right of suffrage?

The speaker had personal reasons for justifying the negro. He had a son killed upon the field—robbed of all he had, and it was left to a negro woman to bring him water, and a negro to bury him, and build a fence about his grave. There is not a case in the South (I speak that which I know) wherein a negro has been disloyal. He saw no hope for the South if we cannot bring the loyal vote to counterbalance the disloyal—the black man's white heart against the white man's black heart. There is a dark future for the country if we cannot stop the placing of rebels in power."

QUESTION OF NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

The Hon. Winfield Smith, Attorney General of Wisconsin, in his oration at Monroe on the 4th, enunciated the following sound doctrine on the question of negro suffrage:

"The freedom of the negroes cannot be maintained unless you give them the ballot to defend it. How else can they shield themselves from oppressive laws, nay, from a return to the very servitude which we have nominally abolished? Can we, *dare* we, after these fearful visions of the lightning of God's wrath, permit to exist the least jot or tittle of the monster crime which has so scourged us? Have we not suffered enough?

What ingratitude would stamp such a course! What faithlessness! We have asked these negroes to aid us in the tremendous struggle which their contemners assured us we could not go through with. They flew to our help, and together we conquered. Is it honest, is it decent, now to cast them out as unworthy of our fellowship? In the fight, we were proud of their stalwart arms, we rejoiced in the thunder of their guns. The victory now won, shall we coldly turn our backs upon them, nay, strip them, and deliver them bound under their adversaries? I tell you, we prove ourselves unworthy of success, if we use it so. We are less than the equals of the black man if, after such trials, we will not concede to him equality—such equality, I mean, as will let him be all the man that nature made him, degraded by none of our devices, free to exercise his intellect, to improve his race, to work out the destiny which God has designed for him. If suffrage be denied to him because he is ignorant, I am content, provided all others who are not less ignorant will also waive it. We have abundant testimony how small would be the poll lists in the Southern States, if those only who are both educated and loyal should be allowed to vote. And here, in this boasting North, you and I, my friends, have too often seen voters in herds with tickets which they could not read, led to the support of measures which they would have rejected had they understood them.

I deem it certain, then, that the black man ought to vote in the Southern States, for his sake, for our sake, for eternal justice's sake."

HEAR THE OLD NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER!

We have before us the Richmond *Times*, which copies approvingly from this old political "war horse" a studied article of some length upon the duty of the South at the present crisis. The editor makes an earnest appeal to the South to accept and ratify, without delay, the amendment to the Constitution interdicting slavery forevermore upon her soil. He declares this step to be indispensable to Southern interests, to their speedy equality, to the life of commerce, to their national representation, to the supremacy of civil law, to the freedom they covet from the military power established among them, and to put to rest forever the possibility of future national disturbance on account of slavery. He thus alludes to what both Mr. Johnson and the conservatives of the North demand of the people of the South:—

"The North will not accept any condition of restoration which does not embrace the extinction of slavery by positive constitutional law. The patriotic and eminent President of the United States has informally declared this fact; and his lamented predecessor emphatically avowed it when he referred the ultimate question on his emancipation proclamation to the courts. Contraband of war, slavery has perished by the sword, and it is only a renewal of civil war to assert any claim to it. It has met the fate to which, in the order of Providence, it was doomed; and this fate was decreed by *yourselves* at the moment when the flag of our country was fired upon as it floated over Fort Sumter. Pray do not deceive, do not stultify yourselves on this point. Whatever absurd politicians in the North may say or attempt to the contrary, slavery is doomed by the people, and *those are only your enemies in the North* who seek, for party purposes, to delude you that there is the slightest hope for that institution in future. Just so long as any claim is set up for the resuscitation of slavery by anything that can be made to look like a conspiracy to that effect among the politicians North and South, just so long will the masses of the North justly insist that you shall be held down in a territorial condition, and that you shall be denied equality as States within the Union."

Very good—as far as it goes. One step more in the direction of the good old Republican doctrine of "universal suffrage," and the old *Intelligencer* will be "as right as a book."—*Claremont Advocate.*

SPIRIT OF THE RICHMOND PRESS.

There should be no hesitation about this matter. We must give unexceptionable proof of our sincerity and loyalty in returning to the Union, by a solemn sanction and endorsement of such facts as are really final and irreversible in their character. Whatever their personal wishes and preferences on the subject, therefore, it is, as we have said, the part both of duty and policy with the South to make a clean sweep in regard to this everlasting slavery question. If slavery be dead, as all rational and reflecting men really admit, where is the objection to the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment, which has already been ratified by nearly a sufficient number of States to make it a part of the fundamental law of the land, and which, no doubt, will be approved, before very long, by a number of other States? If, in other words, slavery be really and forever dead, why not say so in the most solemn and authoritative form possible? * * *

To this proposed Constitutional Amendment, then, we express the earnest hope that no objection will be raised and no opposition made in a single Southern State. Let us, as speedily as possible, reinvest ourselves with all the rights and privileges of American citizens, guarding well and jealously the interests of our respective States, but, at the same time, according to a common and indissoluble Union a faithful, cordial, and unsuspected allegiance. Such is the plain path of duty in these trying times, and let us tread it with a firm and manly step.—*Richmond Whig, August* 17.

It cannot be denied that the conduct of the blacks throughout the war which has passed, and since their emancipation, has entitled them to the sympathy and respect of the white race. Contrary to the expectations of many, there was no insurrection during the war; and since the peace, instead of that frantic license and disorder which might have been reasonably anticipated in a vast population suddenly emancipated, they have, with wonderfully few exceptions, gone as quietly on in their daily labors as if no extraordinary change in their condition had occurred. In our own observation, we have seen no example of violence, or even of disrespect, to those who were formerly their masters. That such cases have occurred is undoubtedly true, but from all we can learn they were exceptional, and not general, and considering that the whole population suddenly freed is nearly four millions in number, amazingly few. The old ties of sympathy and kindly feeling between the two races have not been dissevered by emancipation. Such exemplary and laudable conduct deserves recognition, and forms a bright page in the history of humanity.

The duty of the white race to the class, which has just past with such honor one of the most trying ordeals to which human nature can be subjected, is sufficiently obvious. It is not only to do that which is just and equal, but to give free exercise to that sympathy which has ever existed among us toward the playmates of our childhood, and the faithful and attached dependents of our maturer years. That dependence has been, and still is, mutual, and the rupture of former relations does not absolve us from responsibilities which were universally acknowledged in the former state of things, and upon the due discharge of which rest the future welfare and happiness of both races. By active sympathy, counsel and coöperation, we must strive to elevate and improve the intellectual, moral and physical condition of these men, whose patient labor has for centuries enriched the South, and against whom we cannot allege one single fact which entitles us to consider them our enemies. That they are free is a consequence not of their acts, but of our own political errors, and has been permitted by that Providence whose wisdom is higher than our own, and whose favor we shall do well to secure by showing that mercy to others which we desire for ourselves. If He wills that slavery shall come to an end, it is our duty, instead of repining and discontent, to follow out the indications of Providence, and exert all our influence to secure the greatest good and happiness of those for whose welfare and future condition we are still, in the eyes of Heaven, responsible. Such, we are glad to believe, is the general disposition of the Southern people.—*Richmond Republic, Aug.* 17.

TESTIMONY OF A LOYAL GEORGIAN.

A loyal Georgian, well known in New York, communicates to the New York *Post* his own observations at Andersonville, which fully substantiate the reports heretofore given. We copy his statement:

At first it was customary to send a wagon into the stockade every morning at 10 o'clock, loaded with the rations for the day—bacon and corn bread, nothing else; but as the number of prisoners increased, and the greed of gain grew upon the trio above mentioned, the corn bread was reduced in its quality, being then manufactured of equal proportions of ground field peas and corn, unbolted, unsifted, uncleansed, indeed, from the dirt and trash which peas naturally accumulate; and at last, when the number of prisoners increased to over thirty-seven thousand, the meat rations *per week* were reduced to a piece of bacon for each man about three inches long and two wide, with one *pone* of the bread above described per day. Then, also, the custom of carrying the prisoners' food into the stockade in wagons was abolished. *They drove up to the gates, which were slightly opened, and the scanty food, foul and unhealthy as it was, was thrown inside by the guard, to be scrambled for by the wretched prisoners,* the strongest and those nearest the gate getting the largest share; the weak and sickly getting none.

I have mentioned the small brook which runs through the lower part of the stockade, and which supplied the water for drinking and washing. This brook has its rise in a swamp not far from the prison, and at no time, certainly not for a lengthened period, was the water suitable or healthy; but when the fæces and filth, the drainage of the whole camp of prisoners, came to be superadded to the natural unfitness of the water for drinking or cleansing purposes, my readers can judge what thirst was assuaged, or fever cooled, or throbbing temples washed, by this floating stream of filth and disease! At any time, under the most rigid hygienic restrictions, it is difficult to maintain health and cleanliness amongst a large body of men—what do you think was the condition of thirty-seven thousand half-naked, half-starved men, without any police regulations, under no moral or restraining influences? If the remnant who were finally allowed to pass out of this military Golgotha were not wild beast, unwashed, befouled devils, no thanks are to be given to Henry Wirz for lack of effort to produce such a consummation.

When it rained, as it does in that climate almost continually during the spring and fall months, the soil within the enclosure was one mass of loblolly, soft mud, at least fifteen inches in depth, through which stalked and staggered the gaunt, half-clad wretches thus confined. *The stench from the prison could be perceived for two miles, and farmers living in the neighborhood began to fear for the health of their families.*

As a consequence of this, the hospitals—facetious was Wirz in his horrible humanity—were crowded to repletion with the emaciated, starved and diseased men who were trundled into them. The hospitals were constructed of logs, unhewn, the interstices unfilled and open, admitting the rain, without floors, cots, bunks or blankets, filthy and fetid with the festering, putrid bodies of the sick, the dying and the dead. Words fail, language is impotent, to describe one of these dens of disease and death. I once mustered the courage, impelled by the earnest entreaties of a Northern friend, to enter one of them, to visit one who was tenderly reared, and walked in the best ranks of Connecticut society. I believed I had seen before this what I deemed to be human wretchedness in its worst forms. I thought that I could nerve myself to witness mortal agony, and wretchedness, and destitution, as I had heard it described, without blanching or trembling. But if the condensed horrors of a hundred 'black holes' had been brought before my mind to prepare me for the ordeal, they would have failed to realize the facts as I saw them face to face.

I cannot, in a daily paper read by innocence and virtue, detail what met my sight on the occasion I refer to. I will not pollute any page, save the records of the court that must try the culprit for the crime of torture by disease and filth, with the details of that caravansary of horrible, intentional slaughter. For fear that some may think I have exaggerated, an episode here will perhaps dispel such illusion. Convinced by the horrible fact that there was a disgusting stench in his nostrils, General Winder, then Commissary General of Prisons, but having his headquarters at Andersonville, was forced by *decency*, not humanity, for this he himself asserted, to ask the aid of the Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church of that Circuit to adopt some means to alleviate the miseries and soothe the wretchedness of the poor inmates of that Andersonville hospital. This gentleman invoked the co-operation of the women of Sumter county, who responded with clothing and necessaries only, for these

alone were allowed, to the amount of four wagon loads. Upon the day appointed, four ladies, accompanied by their husbands, went to the prison, and sought from the provost marshal a pass, to take their benefactions to the sick prisoners. *It was refused with a curse!* The party proceeded to Winder's headquarters, where Henry Wirz was in company with the General. The demand for a pass was repeated. Understand, the ladies were present, and the reasons given why the party were there, in accordance with Winder's special request. To their astonishment they were met with this reply: 'G—d d—n you, have you all turned Yankees here?'

'No, General,' responded the spokesman of the party, 'I am not, as you know, nor are any here present; we have come, as you requested us, through Rev. Mr. D., to bring necessary articles for the Federal hospital, and ask a pass for the purpose of delivering them.'

'It's a d——d lie! I never gave permission for anything of the kind! Be off with you, all of you!'

As if this fearless display of martial valor and gentlemanly bearing was not sufficient, Henry Wirz essayed and did eclipse his General in profanity and indecency—and I here assert that if the lowest sinks of the most abandoned parts of your city were gleaned, they could not surpass the ribald vulgarity and finished profanity of this jailor, exhibited in the presence of refined and 'loyal' ladies.

Shocked, terrified, beaten to the very dust with mortification, the party retired, and, foiled in their efforts to succor the sick or alleviate the tortures of the dying Union soldiers, they gave their loads of clothing and food to a passing column of Federal prisoners on their way to another place—Millen. They at least had the satisfaction of knowing that some were benefitted, even if they had failed in their efforts for those who most needed their assistance.

During the last winter—which was unusually cold for Georgia, when the ice made an inch thick—no shelter, no blankets or clothes, no wood was provided for the wretched inmates of that prison. Squads were permitted, to the number of thirty, to go out under guard daily, for one hour, without axes or any cutting tool, to gather the refuse and rotten wood in the forests; and if they out-staid their time, they were tried by drum-head court martial, charged with violating their parole, and, if found guilty, were hung! I myself saw three bodies hanging, who were thus executed.

My house was the resort, or I should say refuge, of most of the prisoners who made their escape from the stockade, and the tales of starvation and distress which they told would have melted an iron heart. I must close my hurried account of what I have seen. It is far from full; not one-half has been told; by far the most has been kept back from very shame, and in respect to your readers."

DEMOCRATIC DISTRESSES.

It was no idiosyncracy of the Bourbons, that "they remembered nothing and forgot nothing," and consequently learned nothing from the teachings of exile. The same infirmity of memory is incident to Democrats as well as to despots, accompanied by a like incapacity to profit by the lessons of their own experience. They remember perfectly well the golden days of Pierce and Buchanan, when they possessed the land, and waxed fat on the milk and honey of office wherewith it flowed. They remember that it was through the alliance and helping of their Southern brethren that they had entered into this goodly heritage, and they long for a renewal of the fraternal affiance which shall restore it once again to them. They seem to have forgotten that it was through the treachery of those very allies that they were thrust from their paradise into the cold outer world, and that they see its gate

"With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms,"

whenever they cast a lingering look backward towards its portals—now, alas, closed against them. And they fail to discern, as it would seem, what a different world they live in from that of five years ago; how completely the fiery tide of war has swept away the old landmarks of parties, and how impossible it is to set them up again as of old. The restoration of the Bourbons was a failure, because the French nation had remembered everything, while it had forgotten nothing; and the restoration of the old Democratic party is an impossibility, because the American people have also excellent memories, and intend to apply them to equally excellent uses.

The proceedings of the Democratic conventions in several of the States, lately, have been full of proofs that it is as impossible for inveterate politicians as for inveterate potentates to understand that times change, and men change with them. To read their platforms, one might infer that there had been a considerable riot somewhere in the Southern country, which they had helped to put down, but which was not of consequence enough to justify interference with the regular exercise of their political rights by the rioters; that, in point of fact, the riot would have been prevented had the Democracy remained in power; and that it was the success of the party now in possession of the Government that brought the disturbance about. They affirm that the revolted States have never been out of the Union, and that they are entitled "to all their reserved rights and their due representation in Congress." They agree as to the horrors that would ensue from the admission of the negroes to citizenship, and the entire subjection of the white race to the black in the event of such a catastrophe. And they are unanimous, we believe, in making love to President Johnson, and trying to entice him to barter his position as the head of a great nation for that of the leader of a desperate faction. A good symptom of general public health may be discerned in the zeal they all profess for the maintenance of the national credit and the payment of the public debt—a zeal which they can hardly expect to be shared by the prodigal brethren they are inviting to return from the husks of rebellion to the old Democratic homestead. All, we believe; unless it be the *Split* Convention held at Columbus, Ohio, which, if we understand the abridgment of its doings that we have seen, went squarely against the debt and in favor of free trade, and flatly denied the right of the Government to emancipate the slaves—a question which the more responsible bodies either avoided entirely or touched only inferentially.

We suppose that the hackneyed politicians who made up the mass of these conventions are beyond the reach of grace. They must be given over to a reprobate mind, and to the idols to which they are joined. Like old drunkards, their case is hopeless; but we would uplift a warning voice to the young who are just entering on the devious ways of politics, and bid them beware of casting in their lot with those broken-down tempters. The whole ground on which they used to stand, as if established forever, has been utterly cut away from under their feet by the sword of the nation. The whole state of public feeling is radically changed from what it was then. The revolution in public opinion which, having begun, was sure to go on and ultimately prevail, has been hurried forward a half century by the suicidal hands of the Southern Democracy; and it is one that will never go backward.

Up to the time of the election of 1860 the nation was at ease in its possessions, making money, growing in population, lightly taxed, and having all the substantial elements of material prosperity in abundance. It shrank from any disturbance of its repose. Above all, it shuddered at civil war and intestine strife. It was content to let the Democratic party of the North, with the assistance of the Southern slaveholders, rule and revel, provided it could enjoy tranquillity in its borders for the time, and have the evil day postponed. The bullying of the slaveholders, though only half believed to be in earnest, was allowed to shape the policy of the nation, and keep the party which incarnated it in power. But the bullies were not content with this dispensation. Like the boy in the fable, the diurnal egg of gold was not enough for their greed; they must needs hew the Democratic goose in twain, in hopes of securing an inexhaustible treasure at a stroke. The result we know. The old Democratic party, thus slain in the house of its friends, it is in vain to endeavor to galvanize into a ghastly show of life again. Its particles must live in new forms and under new conditions, or suffer political annihilation.

The people, as we have said, have the best of memories. They remember well the rule of the Democratic party under the nominal headship of Pierce and Buchanan, but under the real dictation of the slave power. They remember how the rebellion was contrived, and all the particulars of the plot arranged under those auspices. They have not forgotten the disadvantages under which they thereore entered into their struggle for life. Their dangers from false friends, all of the Democratic brand, are fresh on their minds. They bitterly call up the cruel cost in the blood of their best and bravest at which their freedom has been purchased. All this will not be blotted from their memories by the "glittering generalities" or the commonplaces of the Democratic party. The people have learned, further, that they can exist without the help of the South—that they cannot only exist, but thrive and grow rich, and increase in goods, while it is the South that is one great almshouse supported by their charity. The old prestige of slaveholding wealth and chivalry is gone for ever. The nation does not intend that its paupers shall govern it just yet, and it will take all needful precautions to hinder this consummation so devoutly wished for by hungry Copperheads—yes, even if one of them be to erect the loyal negroes into citizens, to guard by the ballot what they have won by the bayonet.

And this it is our painful task to assure the Pennsylvania Democrats they will have to submit to. The idea of negro suffrage was as repugnant five years ago to the great mass of the Northern people as it is now to them. But the idea has been thrust into the minds of the most intelligent portion of the people, including all the best part of the old Democratic party, by the action of the rebels and their Northern friends. And the leaven is fast leavening the whole lump. It is a matter of simple self-defence. The white rebels of the South are not to be trusted with power, unless the black loyalists keep them in check. The nation is not going to set the rebel beggar on horseback, that he may ride to the devil, and drag it after him into the pit. He may have indemnity for the past when we have the security for the future which the equal citizenship of the negro will give us. Anything short of this would be nothing less than national suicide; and the nation has not fought for its life so long and so hard to die now by its own silly hand. If the Democrats had but the wisdom that is profitable to direct a party under difficulties to success, they would cease their old habits of servility to the white men of the South, and try to conciliate the black men by showing that they really believe in the democratic principles they profess, by helping them to their equal political rights. They may find themselves in power again, some day, by this method, but by no other. But we fear their case is past advice. —*The Nation.*

The Liberator.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1865.

PATRIOTIC OFFERING TO JOSEPH MAZZINI.

We believe no purer patriot has been raised up for the freedom and elevation of his native land than Joseph Mazzini, who, for more than a score of years, has stood prominently forth as the champion of Italian unity, liberty and independence; but all this time banished from Italy, and under sentence of death, by the Government, for his burning words and noble deeds in that direction. His talents are of the first order. With an inextinguishable zeal and an undaunted spirit he combines the judgment of a sage, the inspiration of a prophet, and the faith of a martyr. He is as modest, too, as he is gifted, having little or nothing to say of himself, but every thing of what pertains to justice and right; and he has a vigor of reasoning and a power of statement which place him among the highest intellects of the age. During our visit to England in 1846, it was our privilege to make his acquaintance; and though it was a brief one, we were strongly impressed with the excellence of his character, the grandeur of his aims, the disinterestedness of his efforts, and the grasp of his genius; and we have ever since taken a personal interest in him. During the long and terrible struggle for the abolition of slavery in America, he repeatedly bore his testimony to the enormity of that brutal system, and gave his cordial approval of the efforts made by the friends of freedom for its abolition. He has a profoundly philosophic mind, and has been a most conscientious student of history—basing all his plans upon the solid foundation of a true democracy. No man is more deserving of universal confidence, respect, sympathy, coöperation, and applause, than himself; and we are glad to learn, therefore, by a circular issued at Faenza by Tancredi Levirani, D. Leopoldo Malucelli, Andrea Rambelli, Cesare Emiliana, and Giuseppe Versari, "Council of Direction of the Association of Progress," than an effort is making to raise for "the precursor and apostle of the national life of Italy," as he is justly styled, a National Subscription by the Democracy of Italy, in order to supply him with the means of promoting, both by spoken and written word and action, the fulfilment of the destiny of Italy, and also "to show that the banishment of Mazzini is the crime of a party governed by the nod of a foreigner, not the ingratitude of the nation." It has been asked in England—and the same question may be pertinently asked in America—why should there not be a common union in this expression of admiration and regard for the great Italian, who, in contending for the liberation of his country through the great principles to which he makes appeal, has been the friend of liberty throughout the world? The tribute is justly paid to him, that to those who have known him during his long exile in England, he has stood in the place of a perennial inspiration. Through failure, through disappointment, whilst suffering from the bitterness of foes and the half-heartedness of friends, he has stood firm, self-possessed, hopeful, and encouraging, a pillar of strength, a pledge of success. We trust this praiseworthy project will not disgracefully fall through, as many a similar one has done, either from lack of energy and method, or from indifference or the want of an appreciative generosity.

LETTER FROM HENRY VINCENT, ESQ.

Among the most eloquent platform speakers and popular lecturers in the cause of Progress and Reform, in England, for a quarter of a century past, Henry Vincent has stood conspicuous; and during the late rebellion in this country, he warmly espoused the side of the American Government. The following letter from him has just been received, though by the date it was written as long ago as last November:—

9 Mornington Crescent, Regent's Park,
London, N. W. Nov. 25th, 1864.

Beloved Friends:—I am informed that you desire to have a few of my autographs. I send a few because you desire them. I am least of the least of men; nevertheless, I love America—her people—her republic—and those friends of the slave who rally round President Lincoln in this awful crisis, and who believe that, by the help of God, and through Him, the liberty and Union of America will be preserved. I hope soon to have the honor and pleasure to greet you in person—for one of the dreams of my life has been the hope of one day treading the soil of the United States. I wait, in the hope and faith that the foul rebellion of the slaveholders may soon be overthrown.

Accept my warm love, and believe in the fervor of my prayers, which are daily offered to the God of heaven and earth for the overthrow of slavery, the defeat of the slaveholders, and the restoration of Peace, with Union and Freedom, in your noble country.

I have the honor to be your devoted friend,
HENRY VINCENT.

To William Lloyd Garrison and the friends of the Slave and Liberty in the noble city of Boston.

☞ Assuring Mr. Vincent of a warm welcome whenever he shall visit America, we return him our thanks for several admirably executed photographic likenesses of himself, and also for the numerous autographs kindly forwarded by him, in connection with such heart felt sentiments as the following:—

"Were I a young man—without wife or children—I should have cast my lot with the armies of the Free States of America, in their gallant conflict for the Union and Liberty.

My prayers are for the loyal citizens of America—for their noble Republic, and their honest President. May they break in pieces the Slaveholders' Rebellion, and secure for posterity the blessings of Free Labor and Free Government!

I have always defended General Butler against the attacks made upon him in England, because I clearly saw that his republican honesty and vigor entitled him to the respect of the friends of liberty.

The enemies of America in England are divided into two classes, rogues and fools.

I loved America as a boy—I love her as a man—and my prayers to God are for the preservation of her Union and Freedom against the bloody treason of slaveholders and man-stealers.

The American People are fighting the battle of the human race. May they speedily overthrow the vile men who have revolted against moral obligations and human freedom!

To the brave American People, who, in the election of honest Abraham Lincoln, prove their determination to overthrow the Slaveholders' Rebellion, and to conserve their Grand Republic against Treason and Traitors.

Long live the American People and their Free Republic!"

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Both branches of our Church-militant, the South and the North, are disconcerted and disappointed, in these days. But each displays a superb tenacity in sticking to its position, which Satan himself could not surpass. In the brief consideration now to be bestowed on them, let us take the most impudent first.

All the departments of the Southern Church seem determined that if, contrary to their wish, an ecclesiastical union between North and South shall be established, all the confessing, conceding and apologizing shall be done by tha former. They stand on the perfect rectitude and Christian fitness of their attempt to make slavery the corner-stone of Church and State together. They appeal to God and to the Bible as witnesses on their side, alike in Church secession and in State secession. Before the war they despised and reviled their Northern church "brethren" as abolitionists; (a ridiculous mistake, but they were really blinded by passion to that extent;) now, though whipped, defeated, impoverished, utterly crushed in regard to physical resources, their unconquered spirit rises sublime in its defiance, and they scout the idea of fraternizing with the Northern "brethren"; they treat them now not like abolitionists, but like *niggers*. They frown upon them. They draw together and fold around them their clerical garments, that, when the obsequious North comes begging for renewal of the old alliance, they may not be defiled by the slightest contact.

Twenty-one years ago, the Southern Methodists withdrew, and established a separate organization for themselves, not because their Northern brethren would not tolerate slavery, for they *did* tolerate it, but because even in the act of tolerating they spoke ill of it, and took some measures looking to an ultimate rejection of it from the church. Now, since the war, three of the Southern Methodist Bishops, (Andrew, Paine and Price,) have considered the subject of reunion, and issued a Pastoral Address in regard to it. Gratefully acknowledging the friendly disposition of a pro slavery minority in the Northern church, they declare their apprehension that a large proportion, if not a majority, of the Northern Methodists have become so incurably radical that no good result can be anticipated from ever entertaining the subject of reunion with them; and that, therefore, fidelity to their providential mission requires them to maintain their distinct Southern organization. It is supposed that the remaining three Bishops sympathize with this decision of their colleagues, and that thus the project of reunion has received a decided Southern negative.

The attitude of Southern Baptists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians is substantially the same as that of the Methodists, though the haughtiness of the Episcopalians is naturally intensified by their aristocratic preëminence, and by the fact that they nearly or quite monopolize the best "blood" and the best "society" of the South. The position (for instance) of Bishop Elliot of South Carolina is picturesquely grand as he declares that if his church does consent to reunion with the North, the memory of the sainted Bishop-General Polk (and of the other saints militant who drew the sword for secession and slavery) must suffer no syllable of unkind or disrespectful allusion. He frankly tells those Northern Episcopalians who aspire to be again his "brethren" what they *must* do, and what they must *not* do, in case of reunion. And with a raised hand, and a (spiritual) whip in it, he looks down upon the Episcopal clergy of the North precisely as the mounted Templar, Brian de Bois Guilbert, looked down upon the serfs Wamba and Gurth, when they hesitated about obeying his commands. The magnificent impudence of all this is intensified by the fact that the Episcopal church never breathed a syllable of objection to slavery, and only took ground against secession when the seceders made war upon the Government and the country.

Turning to the North, we find that the position of the Northern Methodists in regard to reunion fairly represents that of the other branches of the Northern church. They urge it. They long for it. They are willing to be silent respecting whatever rightfulness there may be in their own position, and to bear in shameful silence the boasts made by the Southern "brethren" of *their* position as right, if only the wanderers will return. And why should they not make these concessions? As they did not object to actual slaveholding before, why should they be expected to object to an expressed preference for slavery, and a longing to restore it, in the minds and mouths of the same "brethren," now? When Col. Netherland's slave actually died of the "moderate correction" administered by his master with a handsaw, and the Presbyterian church in Tennessee in which he was a member and deacon took no notice of it—when the same Col. Netherland sat without objection as member of a New School Presbyterian Convention at Richmond, Va., in 1857—and when Col. Netherland's minister, Rev. Samuel Sawyer, was driven out of this same Convention for having attempted, at home, to bring church discipline to bear upon this murderer—the Northern Presbyterian church let all these things pass, as matters with which they had no concern; why should they hesitate to let all these people come back, if they *will* come? There is no sufficient reason. Tried by the church standard, South is as good as North. Tried by the church standard, the unnumbered robberies, adulteries and murders which naturally follow their relation as slaveholders do not in the least interfere with the rating of Southern churchmembers as Christians! Why *should* the North object to them?

The truth is that the Church, both South and North, is unspeakably corrupt. Among their own members, they have perverted both the practice and the idea of religion. They extol baptisms, catechisms, creeds, psalm singings and public prayers, and represent conformity to these as constituting the Christian character, while indulgence in some of the worst of vices does not, in their estimation, suffice to nullify the Christian character. What must be then the state of a community which, not itself pretending to be religious, sees a church existing in the midst of it, composed of members of this character, and grows from youth to age seeing no other representation, no other specimen of religion than this! They hold a traditional belief that religion is necessary to salvation. They tacitly admit that they must submit to be, some time before they die, such sort of people as the church members are. What miserably distorted ideas of God and of themselves, of the duties of life, of the meaning of death, and of the purpose for which God made man and placed him here, must such people have! And yet the Church tends to perpetuate this state of things, and to arrest or pervert moral and intellectual development in this manner, wherever it is honored as a true representative of Christianity. The Southern Church is worse in degree, having lived amidst the corrupting influences of slavery. But the Northern Church is the same in kind, and needs a change greater than reform, a change amounting to revolution, purify it.—C. K. W.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK. NO. XLII.

New York, Sept. 7, 1865.

To the Editor of the Liberator:

The past fortnight has done much to elucidate the question, What is the exact condition of the country—peace or war? We have had all along the fact that peace has not been declared, nor martial law revoked. We have observed the only partial disbanding of the army, and the division of the entire country into definitive military departments. Two events in North Carolina and Mississippi have made it still clearer that the day of musket and sabre is not yet over. Provisional Governor Sharkey undertakes to raise a State militia to suppress the disorders which are the spawn of the defunct rebellion. He is informed by General Slocum, with the sanction of the Executive at Washington, that he is meddling with business not his own. Provisional Governor Holden entreats Gen. Ruger to release three honest citizens who have been arrested by the military authorities for maltreating a freedman. He learns, to his apparent surprise, that the keeping of the peace rests neither in his hands nor in those of his creatures, the judges of the civil courts. From these two instances we gather that the South is held in order by a national police in blue, and that though the laws are not universally suspended in the presence of regiments, the time is far from having arrived when the men of the toga supersede the men of arms.

It will not be pretended that we are not on the way to a thoroughly pacific footing as of yore. But while some people complain (most unreasonably) because we are *only* on the way, there are others who would have us believe the millennium already here. In this latter category I may place the *Times* of this city, which betrays its misconception of the present epoch by a blast against politics in the pulpit. Now everybody knows that only in a state of war is it allowable for a minister of the gospel to partake of the political excitement of his fellow-citizens, and preach of their duties to themselves, the Government, the Union, posterity, in order to the encouragement of patriotism and the success of the national cause. In peace, there is no excuse for such conduct: the welfare of the land, the purity of the Government, the stability of the Union, will regulate themselves without interference from a class who may understand a good deal about Hebrew and Greek, but very little about the necessities, much less (God be praised!) about the corrupt machinery, of politics. The individual conscience, moreover, needs no direction in things mundane from sources spiritual; and as for posterity, let it look out for itself. Thus, I conceive, the *Times* would argue, in order to account for its abuse of the Rev. Mr. Burton, of Hartford, who had not only the honor to occupy, but also the ability to fill, Mr Beecher's place in the Plymouth Church during the summer vacation. With greater moral perspicacity than his illustrious predecessor, Mr. Burton showed, the other Sunday, why Jeff. Davis ought to expiate on the scaffold his manifold and unspeakable crimes against the human race, and expressed without reservation his very earnest desire to see the demands of justice satisfied. This was enough for the *Times*, which scented politics in the pulpit straightway, and, as if to crush the unfortunate pastor, cited against him the contemporaneous sermon of the rector of Trinity, who had made an awful example of the speculative Ketchum. Doubtless the reverend gentleman did not suggest the punishment due to the thief and forger, from a delicate dread of overstepping the line between the learned professions. To have said the knave had merited imprisonment for life, would have been to introduce politics into the sanctuary; and by the same ruling, to recommend or approve for sinners generally the reward of hell-fire, might justly incur the reproach of interfering with the political management of the infernal kingdom. Not a few, I dare say, will be astonished to hear that to denounce rebellion and expose the character of traitors while hostilities lasted, was both praiseworthy and patriotic in the clergy of the loyal States; but that, when the contest is over, to portray the just doom of the subjugated miscreants is unbecoming the cloth, and an impertinent deviation from the function of the pulpit. Evidently the attempt is to make politics as disreputable as possible, in order to divorce them once more from morality, or rather so to impregnate them with immorality that the simplest moral argument or lesson could be proved to have a political bearing, and the preacher's mouth be sealed as effectually as with a gag. This may seem an uncharitable deduction from the evil logic of the *Times*, but that paper had already exhibited its animus unmistakably by sneering at Gen. Howard for introducing morality into his beautiful speech in Maine. He said there, you will remember, that for a settlement of the hostile feelings between the two races on this continent, there was need among us all of the spirit of Christ—meaning, of course, not the theological cant which is at home in Trinity Church, and acceptable enough, no doubt, to the *Times*, but that which is understood of all men as representing the peculiar character of Jesus of Nazareth—the love of man without selfish limitations of nativity or rank; the love of one's neighbor as one's self; the worship of God as the common Father, who is likewise no respecter of persons. This is something not dreamed of in the *Times'* philosophy, and hence its amazement that a Major-General should talk of reducing the creed of the church to practice.

From religion to "spiritualism" requires no leap. If the latter be not admitted as one form of religion, certain forms of religion may safely be set down as jugglery. What we are to consider Mr. Colchester, the medium, I shall not try to discover. The testimony of some of the witnesses at Buffalo was injurious to his reputation for integrity, which was the subject of trial. But if the prosecution proved collusion in some particulars, it failed very decidedly to imitate Mr. Colchester's slight of hand, if so it must be called. The magician Anderson asserted that the defendant had taught him how to produce the blood-red writing on the arm, and proceeded to exhibit in open court the *modus operandi*. It is possible that such were his instructions, but certain that he was deceived by them. He required minutes, Colchester scarcely an instant; both hands, to Colchester's one. He neither wrote unknown names in autographic facsimile, nor crossed one with another. Anybody who has seen this noted performer will perceive the inferiority of the imitation. Still, the verdict was against the theory of spirits. Some may perhaps ask why the medium did not make a counter exhibition to the judge and jury, and why there was not given to him in the hour of his trial the means of convincing all who saw or heard him in his supernatural alliances. Many similar inquiries may be made in regard to the whole question of spiritual manifestations without eliciting a satisfactory answer, and yet without impugning the wonderful phenomena themselves.

One more transition, and I have done: from spirits proper to spirits improper—from the celestial to the ardent. They say, *in vino veritas*, and I found it true in this groggery-cursed city when I read over a store adjoining the débris of Barnum's Museum—"*The Ruins.*" *Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars.* There was such a rare sincerity about this avowal, that it seemed as valuable a temperance tract as the street-fountain on the opposite corner. It is gratifying, by the way, to record the extension of these fountains to all parts of the city. The Academy of Design is thoughtfully provided with one, that enters into the architectural construction of its stoop, and never disappoints the thirsty wayfarer. There are others on Broadway, and lately I noticed one set up in pleasing contiguity to a bar-room on South st. I shall watch the irrepressible conflict between them. Your city is famous for its cleanliness; but I do not recall, except upon your Common, such valuable aids to sobriety (which is the mother of decency) as these that even rum-governed New York provides for its tempted citizens. Is not our example for once worthy to be copied by you? M. du Pays.

OBERLIN COMMENCEMENT.

Oberlin, O., Aug. 28th, 1865.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Sir—Commencement anniversary has been distinguished by the presence and speech of Theodore D. Weld, invited by the Literary Societies. Ten of his associates in the famous Lane Seminary Exodus were also here. Mr. Weld paid a heartfelt tribute to the memory of Arthur Tappan, whose noble sympathy with these freedom-loving young men of thirty years ago led him to give ten thousand dollars to aid in laying the material foundations of this institution, on condition that her free lips should never feel the force of gags as they had in Lane Seminary. Listening to this and other highly interesting reminiscences of this school led us to go over with the early history of those gifts of money, influence, zeal, prayer and hope from the American and English *Abolitionists* that secured the permanence of Oberlin, and made it illustrious and even consecrated ground. Well might Mr. Garrison exclaim, as he did when he stood here eighteen years ago, if there was a spot on the globe, where he supposed he would be welcome to speak his freest thought, that spot was Oberlin. And if his, and other liberal minds, have felt the checks of theological assumption and prejudice, (that would certainly yield on a more thorough knowledge of him, and the great souls that have labored with him to free the land from sin and error,) still it is cause for joy and exultation to all who sympathize with progress that so large a measure of the spirit of freedom and tolerance is visible here. You see here, as no where else in America, and perhaps not in the world, women and colored people reading essays, delivering orations, and receiving diplomas with white men, in a college whose doors open freely like the gates of Paradise to all who will enter.

Tappan Hall, in the ten acres' square that is surrounded by a beautiful hedge of Osage-orange, all in summer leafy green, perpetuates the name of its munificent donor.

The handsome and spacious Ladies' Hall, just completed, has rooms for one hundred ladies, and its ample dining hall will seat between two and three hundred at table. Over these tables, as always in the old hall, the social chat and buzz of the young ladies and gentlemen will go on, in a way that if Mrs. Horace Mann could witness, would dispel her misinformation, and lead to a correction in the pages of the delightful Biography of her husband. At the collation, Alumni Day, given in this Hall, among the invited guests we had the pleasure to hear the Rev. Alexander Crummell, of Libcria. This gentleman, by his English culture at Cambridge University, and by the refinement and graces of a Christian minister, which spoke equally in his manners, tones and sentiments, won on this occasion, and other interviews, a lively interest and admiration.

Yesterday he read the service of the Episcopal Church at Christ Church, Rev. Mr. French's. Never did the grand old words, by which so many generations have uttered their sorrow, indignation, protest, supplication and thanksgiving to the Most High, receive such a significant rendering and interpretation in our ears, as by the voice and presence of this accomplished and devout black clergyman. It was the Twenty-seventh day of the month—and this was the appointed Psalm: "Have mercy upon us, O Lord, for we are utterly despised. Our soul is filled with the scornful reproof of the wealthy, and with the despitefulness of the proud. If the Lord himself had not been on our side when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up quick; when they were so wrathfully displeased at us, the deep waters of the proud had gone even over our soul. But praised be the Lord, who hath not given us over for a prey unto their teeth. Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler—the snare is broken, and we are delivered. Our help standeth in the name of the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth." His sermon had an eloquent denunciation of slavery as one of the works of the devil which Christ was manifested to destroy. His whole ministration was ennobling and exalting in a rare degree. And yet from most of the Episcopalian, and other Evangelical (?) pulpits of America, would cruel caste and complexional hate utterly exclude him. Well may they all pray to be "delivered from pride, vain-glory and hypocrisy"!

An appropriate Festival was given in the Ladies' Hall in honor of the returned colored soldiers. Speeches were made by Mr. William Still of Philadelphia, J. M. Langston, Esq., and the Rev. Alex. Crummell All declared the right of the colored men to vote, as they have so heroically fought.

Commencement week furnished another enjoyment in a grand musical treat. Haydn's Oratorio, the Creation, was performed with admirable spirit and beauty. Young Prof. Morgan, recently come from musical studies in Germany, was the Conductor. Probably in the whole State of Ohio no such opportunity was ever had to hear this wonderful Oratorio. It seemed to us like a piece of Boston transplanted in the West.

It was admitted by all that the *colored* graduates excelled in oratory and public reading.

There is an exuberance of nature, a tropical fervor that gives a charm to their performance beyond the lively interest and sympathy with which the history of their race touches us. This fact of the actual presence and participation in every exercise of this people, so mingled with the blondes and brunettes of the Caucasian type, as to leave you in doubt, sometimes, which was, and which was not, allied to the dark race, was an eloquent refutation of the dogma of the antagonism of the races. And one would have thought Oberlin was the last of all places to furnish a candidate for Governor who should declare that black and white people could not live together in the same community as equals. Gen. Cox was here, and spoke in weak and lame defence of his position, taken mainly because the whites of the South so fiercely say they will never consent to live where the blacks are their political equals. (Suppose they wont, what then? so they said of the "Yankees and Abolitionists.") His speech was in the interest of the White Unionists of the South, not of the loyal black people there. And yet Oberlin will vote for him! The sorcery of the slaveholding power seems to have wrought its spell upon him. How grandly in contrast to this flippant casting down of the claims of the humble and the poor, at the bidding of the haughty mockers at human rights, was Theo. D. Weld's magnificent, clear-spoken declaration of the inalienable right of all men to equal justice and impartial freedom!

Mr. Weld's lecture was thronged by thousands, as all the exercises of this stirring week have been—some coming long distances over this Western country to hear him. Several were attracted, as they told us, by the power of his name and the memory of the goodness and fiery eloquence that so enchanted them of old. And O, it was grateful to all the holy and noblest instincts of the soul to hear these everlasting ideas and principles uttered with such high, solemn, and sublime affirmation! It was being lifted into the air of heaven,

"And larger movements of the unfettered mind."

As we went out under the beautiful glancing stars, we felt we had been holding fellowship with truth as serene, eternal, and immutable as they, and which, thank God for the hope and labor of His children, shall yet sway the Governments of earth, as it now rules with its benign sceptre the hearts of these inspired, anointed teachers.

It was great joy to hear Mr. Weld declare that he must be stone blind who did not see that black people must vote in this country—by all the advancing spirit of the age—by all the principles of true democracy and Christianity—by our own constitutional guarantee of a Republican form of Government in every State. And also to hear repeatedly during the exercises the names of Garrison and Phillips spoken with loving reverence by the students.

SALLIE HOLLEY.

—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

EDUCATION FOR ALL.

A very interesting meeting of the American Teachers' Association was held at Harrisburg, Pa., recently, for the purpose of promoting the cause of education. In the course of the proceedings—

Papers were read by Professor Ricoff of Ohio, and Professor Wickersham of Pennsylvania. At the close of Professor Wickersham's reading, the subject of which was, "Education as an Element in the Reconstruction of the Union," it was announced that Prof. Crummell, a distinguished graduate of Cambridge, England, was present. He then spoke as follows:—

THE BLACK PROFESSOR'S SPEECH.

"I thank you, sir, and the gentlemen of this Association, for the honor you have conferred upon me. I take it as an evidence of American interest in the Republic of Liberia, and as a compliment to the college with which I am connected in that country. I need not say, sir, how deeply interested I have been in the two reports which have been read this afternoon; and for the zeal which has been manifested in behalf of my brethren in your Southern States. I am an American negro; and I feel the deepest interest in everything which pertains to the welfare of my race in this country. A citizen of that infant Republic which has been planted by American beneficence on the west coast of Africa, my heart and all its sympathies still linger with the deepest regards upon the welfare and progress of my brethren who are citizens of this nation. More especially am I concerned, just now, by the great problem which comes before you in the elevation and enlightenment of the 4,000,000 of my brethren who have just passed from a state of bondage into the condition of freedmen. The black population of this country have been raised by a noble beneficence from a state of degradation and benightedness to one of manhood and citizenship. The state upon which they have entered brings upon them certain duties and obligations which they will be expected to meet and fulfill. But in order to do these they must be trained and educated by all the appliances which are fitted to the creation of superior men. The recommendations which have been suggested in the report just read are the best and most fitting. Colored men are, without doubt, the best agents for this end. Teachers raised up from among themselves—men who know their minds—men who have a common feeling and sympathy with them—these are the men best adapted to instruct, to elevate, and to lead them. And it is only by such teaching and culture that the black race in this country will be fitted for the duties which now devolve upon them in their new relations. These people are to be made good citizens. It is only by a proper system of education that they can be made such citizens. The race, now made freedmen among you, owes a duty to this country—a duty which springs from the great privileges which have been conferred upon them. Some, perhaps, would prefer to use the word "rights" instead of privileges, and I have no objections to that word; but I am looking at the matter rather in the light of the divine mercy and goodness. As a consequence of receiving such a large gift and boon as freedom, my brethren owe great obligations to this country which can only be met by becoming good, virtuous, valuable citizens, willing and able to contribute to the good and greatness of their country. For this is their home. Here they are to live. Here the masses will likely remain forever. For no reasonable man can suppose it possible to take up four millions of men as you would take up a tree—one of your old oaks or an old elm, stems, roots, stones and earth—tear it up from the sod, and transplant it in Europe or Asia. The black race in this country are to abide; and to meet the obligations which will forever fall upon them in this land, and to prove themselves worthy of the privileges to which they have been advanced, they need schools, instruction, letters and training. But not only do the black race in this country owe duties to this country: they owe a great duty to Africa likewise. Their fathers were brought to this country, and placed in bondage; and their children, in subsequent generations, notwithstanding all the evils they have endured, have been enabled to seize upon many of the elements of your civilization. Fourteen thousand of my brethren, American black men, have left this country, and carried with them American law, American literature and letters, American civilization, American Christianity, and reproduced them in the land of their forefathers. We have gone out as emigrants from this Republic to the shores of heathen Africa, and re-created these free institutions, and a nation modeled after your own.

"Sir, I might stand here, and speak of wrongs and injuries, and distresses and agonies; but I prefer rather to dwell upon those adjustments and compensations which have been graciously evolved out of Divine Providence; and which have fitted them to a great work for good, not only here in this country, but likewise in Africa. The black race in this country, as they increase in intelligence, will have to think of Africa; will have to contemplate the sad condition of that vast continent; will have to consider their relation to the people of Africa. And thus it will be that while you are educating my brethren for their duties in America, you will be benefitting Africa. The black men in America are an agency in the hands of the American people, by whom they are enabled to touch two continents with benignant influences. For not only through them will they be shedding intelligence and enlightenment abroad through *this* country, but they will also in this manner raise up a class of men as teachers and missionaries, who will carry the gospel and letters to the land of their forefathers; and thus the American people will be enabled to enlighten and vivify with the influence of Christianity the vast continent of Africa."

At the close of his remarks, there was loud, long, and enthusiastic applause.

Professor Crummell is just from Liberia, where he has been as Professor of Liberia College for thirteen years. He is a minister of the gospel. He will return to that country shortly.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, who was present at this Convention, ingenuously states the impression made upon him by the colored orator from Liberia, as follows:—

"Prof. Crummell was brought forward and introduced, and to my astonishment he was as black as the ten of spades. As he moved toward the stand, there were evident signs of excitement in the large audience. There was the *nigger* in our midst! What shall we do? Shy around him because he is black? Refuse him a hearing because he is a *lower order* of being? Humanity and justice triumphed! Mr. Northrop, of Massachusetts, took him warmly by the hand and led him to the President's chair, where he was cordially received amid bursts of applause from the audience.

"His manner is easy and earnest, and his address very pleasant and graceful. While he spoke, *I felt that half the great problems of our present difficulties with that race was solved.* Educate the negro, and he will make a good citizen. Our country in the hands of such men is in less danger than in the hands of those who think the normal condition of such men is slavery. The evening was spent in hearing short speeches from teachers of different States, giving the progress of education in their States. The feeling seemed to be to obliterate State lines, and call themselves citizens of this great Republic."

☞ The graduating ceremonies of Dr. Dio Lewis's Training School will take place on Friday (this) evening, 15th inst., in the Tremont Temple. Considerable interest has already been excited to witness the exhibition. Forty ladies and gentlemen will appear in gymnastic costume, and perform more than one hundred exercises of the new school.

The receipts will be given to a most worthy charity—the New England Hospital for Women and Children, located in Warren Street. Tickets can be obtained at Ditson's. Price 50 cents.

☞ The school committee of Newport, R. I., have decided to admit the colored children of that city to the public schools. The city of Providence and other places in Rhode Island ought to follow this laudable example without delay.

JEFF. DAVIS.

AN AUDACIOUS MEMORIAL FOR HIS PARDON.

HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss., Aug. 1, 1865.

To His Excellency, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States:

The undersigned, ladies of Holly Springs, would respectfully solicit Executive clemency for Jefferson Davis, late President of the Confederate States, now confined in Fortress Monroe. Occupying as he did for years before the inception of the late unhappy civil war, prominent positions both in the State and Federal Governments, positions which were cheerfully accorded him by reason of his undoubted ability and unquestioned devotion to his native South, the undersigned deem it not unbecoming to apply to you, as the chief of the great representative government of earth, for indulgence in his behalf. It is well known to your Excellency that, for years past, sectional strife has been seemingly fostered by extremists both North and South, which led to a general conflict of arms and the shedding of the best blood of the land. One party and section have been forced by the arbitrament of the sword to succumb. To the victors and their success the plaudits of the great North have been given bountifully. Is it asking too much of you to grant the yielding party and its chief the poor solace of honesty for the changes in government they had in view? Mr. Davis was but the representative of the defeated party; and called as he was, by the almost united voice of the Southern people, to preside over their councils and guide them through the terrible storms of war, he was but doing their bidding in armed conflict, as he had before represented their views in time of peace; is it, therefore, right that vials of wrath should be poured upon his head, who, whatever his faults may have been, or the supposed errors of his cause, was devoted and faithful alike to the people and principles he represented?

Sir, our once happy and cheerful people have surely suffered enough. Could the tears that have been shed, the anguish borne, the despair which has been our portion during this unhappy war, be brought home to you by a vision of reality, we could not, would not plead in vain for one whom we honored in prosperity, and respect and venerate in adversity. The war is at an end, the people of the South have again become loyal citizens of the United States—our fathers, our brothers, our husbands, who survived the battle storm, have returned to the bosoms of their families. We submit that fraternal feeling which should exist between citizens of the same government can be more effectually restored by mildness and clemency than by the punishment of those who, by reason of common toil, dangers, and privations, are and must ever be dear to every true Southerner.

Respectfully, Mrs. W. S. Featherston, Mrs. A. C. McEwen, Mrs. Martha Robinson, Miss E. C. Polk, Miss Alice Morgan, Miss Mary Morgan, and four hundred and ten others.

GEN. STONEMAN AND THE KNOXVILLE PRESBYTERIANS.

Brownlow's Knoxville *Whig* states that a few days since, several leading members of the First (Old School) Presbyterian Church of Knoxville addressed to Maj. Gen. Stoneman a letter, rather *demanding*, instead of requesting, that their church, now used by permission of the military authorities as a negro school-house, be turned over to them for the "worship of the most high God." In their communication they assert that the church is "desecrated" by the use to which it is now applied. Gen. Stoneman's reply was as follows:

HEADQ'RS DEPARTMENT OF E. TENNESSEE,
Knoxville, Tenn., Aug. 16, 1865.

Respectfully returned to Mr. King, Knoxville, Tenn.

There is plenty of room in the loyal churches of this city for all who wish to attend the "worship of the most high God." Investigation goes to show that the church was first desecrated by being made use of by a disloyal congregation, led by a disloyal preacher, in disseminating treason and treasonable doctrines.

It appears now to be applied to a very good purpose, that of educating the colored youth of the city.

The attention of the Post Commandant will be called to its "shamefully filthy condition."

By command of Major-General Stoneman,

(Signed) G. M. BASCOM, Major and A. A. G.

The *Whig* furnishes the annexed highly interesting and suggestive account of this church:

"That our readers may appreciate the *propriety* of General Stoneman's letter, we will state a few facts in connection with this church. It is the largest and wealthiest congregation in this city. Our information is that there are but *five* loyal members of the church, unless the number has been increased by persons from the North who have recently settled here. No other congregation in East Tennessee, of any denomination, was as disloyal as this. The pastor was an infamous blasphemer. From the commencement of the war, the pastor, Rev. W. A. Harrison, had electrical performances in this church until the Federal army came here. He declared in the pulpit that that portion of the congregation who sympathized with the Government of the United States should not come to the communion-table. He said that members whose sons were fighting for the *holy* cause of Southern independence should not partake of the emblems of the flesh and blood of Christ with men who sympathized with those who would assassinate them, meaning Union soldiers.

Mr. Harrison advised all the young men of his congregation to enlist in the Confederate army. Said if they perished in fighting the battles of the South, they would surely be saved. That the course of the South was approved by God, and the war was for Christianity and liberty. Told the young men of his congregation that it was their duty to slay the men of the North wherever they could find them. He declared that he would as soon read a text from a Bible printed and bound in hell as from one printed and bound in the North. He entered into an argument to prove that Jesus Christ and all his Apostles were *Southern men, born on Southern soil*, except Judas, whom he declared to have been born in a Northern latitude. These blasphemous declarations were made in the pulpit at different times, a portion of the congregation stamping and applauding."

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN CONNECTICUT.

The Union State Central Committee of Connecticut has issued an address to the people of the State, in reference to the approaching election. The following paragraphs take ground in favor of extending the right of suffrage to colored men:

"The record of the last four years is still before us. Black men and white have fought side by side for the preservation of this Union; they have suffered alike; and they sleep side by side in honored graves. During all this struggle for our existence as a nation, the black race has been true to the Union, 'faithful among the faithless,' in some parts of the Republic; the unfailing friends of our soldiers; the surest guides of our officers; prompt to warn our armies of approaching danger; vigilant to discover the designs of the enemy; brave and always true to aid and succor our prisoners in their flight. Have they not, by their fidelity and courage, done something to relieve us of the prejudice against them on account of color?

"And now the question comes to us: Shall not the black man, who can answer all the requirements of our laws, be permitted to cast his vote at the ballot-box? Now is the time to mete out long-denied justice. Shall it not be given? We have every reason to hope that it will. Throughout the State the signs are auspicious. Friends of the Government everywhere appreciate the importance of the issue. Old prejudices have melted away in the fires of the great contest. Loyalty everywhere welcomes and honors true loyalty. And if every friend of the Union will but do his duty, in a thorough canvass, and at the polls on the first Monday in October, the proposed amendment will be adopted, an act of justice will be done, right will be vindicated, and the Government strengthened. To this end the Union State Committee expects and calls upon every true Union man to do his whole duty. The result will richly reward exertion."

ARRIVAL OF THE FIFTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

The steamer Karnac, Capt. Thorne, from Charleston, S. C., arrived on Wednesday morning with a detachment of the 55th Massachusetts Volunteers, consisting of six companies, numbering 467 enlisted men, under command of Lt. Col. Wm. Nutt. The following is a Roster of Company Officers present:

Staff. Burt G. Wilder, Surgeon; Chas. W. Mutell, Adjutant; John O. Murray, Quartermaster.

Captains. Robt. J. Hamilton, Co. C; Chas. E. Grant, Co. B; Jas. D. Thurber, Co. F; Geo. M. Woodward, Co. A; Geo. T. Garrison, Co. I; Nathl. E. Ladd, Co. H.

1st Lieutenants. Wm. C. Roberts, Co. G; Peter N. Sprague, Co. A; Chas L. Roberts, Co. F; Sol. B. Starbird, Co. I; Chas. F. Lee, Co. H.

2d Lieutenants. Geo. A. Glidden, Co. B; James M. Trotter, Co. G: William H. Duprez, Co. I.

They left Charleston harbor Friday morning, 8th inst., and arrived at Quarantine Tuesday afternoon. Companies C, D, E, K and the band, and Brevet Brigadier General A. J. Hartwell, were left at Mount Pleasant, S. C., (three miles from Charleston,) awaiting transportation. They were expecting to have the steamer Ben Deford, and to sail on Saturday, the 9th inst. The regiment will go into camp on Gallop's Island for a few days to await final payment and discharge.

☞ The *World's* despatch says there are on the muster rolls 18,000 regulars, 90,000 colored troops, and 100,000 white troops. The number, however, is being reduced every day.

RECEPTION OF THE TOUSSAINT GUARDS.

The Toussaint Guards (Company C, 54th regiment,) arrived at home in this city on Saturday evening. The company was mustered out of the United States service with the regiment, on the 20th of August, at Mount Pleasant, near Charleston, and paid off and discharged on Friday at Gallop's Island.

A large crowd had assembled at the North depot before the train arrived. When they alighted from the cars, they were conducted by Maj. A. S. Cushman, of the citizens' committee of reception, to where sergeant Carney's drill-club, lately named the Carney Guards, and the New Bedford Brass Band, were drawn up to receive them, by whom they were escorted through Purchase, Union, Second, and William streets, to the City Hall. They presented a spirited and soldierly appearance. The Carney Guards, considering the short time they have been under tactical instruction, exhibited a good proficiency in drill. They were accompanied by Capt. Abraham Conklin, the original founder of a military organization among the colored men of this city, who exhibited not a little just pride on the reception of a company of war-worn veterans of which, if he may not be termed the father, he is certainly entitled to the designation of the great-grandfather.

The crowd on Market Square was immense, and the hall was packed in five minutes after the doors were opened, leaving thousands still outside who were unable to gain admittance. When the company had stacked arms the gathering was called to order by William H. Johnson, Esq., who read the following list of officers for the occasion:

President—Rev. Henry F. Harrington.

Vice Presidents—Rev. John Girdwood, Rev. W. J. Potter, Dea. William Piper, Hon. W. J. Rotch, William Berry, James G. Wilson, John Goings, Rev. Thomas Jones, W. P. S. Cadwell, William C. Coffin, C. B. H. Fessenden, Cyrus W. Chapman, Isaiah C. Ray.

Mr. Harrington, on taking the chair, made a few remarks, welcoming the soldiers home in the name of a common humanity, and saying that as the colored man had shown himself able and ready to fight for his rights, they should not be denied him. He then introduced James B. Congdon, Esq.

Mr. Congdon welcomed the veterans home from an absence of two years and a half, fighting the battles of the nation. He said every south wind has borne the news of their heroic acts. But they had done nothing surprising to him. He had for years known the spirit in them. They had simply shown that they were made of the same stuff as other freemen were made of. He expressed the gratitude of their friends and of the entire community that so many of them had returned in safety, though some had been buried in the honorable funeral pile of their lamented colonel at Fort Wagner, and some had fallen on other fields. There was no occasion to discuss the question of their rights. As far as the State of Massachusetts is concerned, it was settled long ago. They will be sure to retain them, for they had proved that they are worthy of them, and know how to defend them.

After nine hearty cheers had been given for the Toussaint Guards, Mr. Harrington called upon them to fall to at a collation which had been provided by the colored people of the city. While they were discussing the refreshments, an original hymn was sung by a choir on the platform. The Toussaint Guards and their escort then resumed their arms, and proceeded to Caldwell's and Otis's, where they were treated to soda.

The lists of the returning troops is as follows:

24 Lieut. W. H. W. Gray; Sergts., Wesley Furlong, George H. Lee, and Wharton A. Williams; Corps. George Delavan, William D. Kelley, and David S. Fletcher; Musicians, Henry A. Munroe and Alexander H. Johnson; John W. Blackburn, Noah Craig, Francis Demory, Charles H. Harrison, John H. Harrison, Samuel Leighton, Robert Lawrence, Emery Phelps, Charles Washington, John Wright; all of New Bedford. Also Corp. Henry Gladden and William Scott, of New Jersey, and Stephen Dett and Joseph Evans, of Indiana. Also Harrison Lee, of this city, company D.

Benjamin Jefferson, of Ohio, was left in Hospital at Charleston, and William Johnson, of Pennsylvania, is sick at Gallop's Island. Capt. J. W. Grace, long in command of the company, is chief ordnance officer at Charleston.—*New Bedford Standard.*

RECEPTION. The Colored Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Society gave a reception to the Toussaint Guards in City Hall—Monday evening. Hon. Geo. Howland presided, and an eloquent written address of welcome was delivered by Miss Buchanan in touching style, followed by interesting addresses from Rev. G. W. Skinner, Hon. T. D. Eliot, Rev. William J. Potter, C. B. H. Fessenden, and Rev. A. H. Quint. A few remarks were also made by Capt. A. D. Hatch, and by Lieut. Gray and Private Johnson, of the Guards. After the address, the veterans partook of a handsome collation which had been provided for them. Refreshments provided for the public were liberally patronized. The hall was decorated with flags, and the supper-table bore appropriate mottoes. The profits of the entertainment are to be given to the guests.

THE FREEDMEN—REPORT OF GEN. FISK.

Brig.-Gen. Fisk, Assistant Commission of Freedmen's Affairs for the States of Kentucky, Tennessee and Northern Alabama, reports to Gen. Howard that he has just returned from a tour of inspection through Middle and East Tennessee and Northern Alabama, and finds continued and increased activity in the affairs of the Bureau.

After stating that a large proportion of the people cheerfully cooperate with him in the free labor system, Gen. Fisk speaks of a class of former slaveholders to whom he refers as unsubjugated, and who cling with surprising tenacity to the old barbarism. Freedmen's Courts in the States mentioned are crowded with colored applicants for wages withheld by their employers, and in some localities the crack of the whip and the jingle of the shackles are as common as in the days of Uncle Tom and Topsey. Gen. Fisk expresses the belief that the States of Tennessee and Alabama will provide for the negro's right to justice at the approaching session of their legislature, while the great demand for labor will do much toward regulating its just compensation. The General has special attention to the breaking up of the Freedmen's camps throughout the States under his control, and reports that of 7,151 Freedmen subsisted by the Government on the 15th of July, but 979, mostly of the aged and infirm class, are now drawing rations from the United States. The number of refugees from the date referred to has also decreased to 11; whereas 5,969 were formerly supported by the Government. He represents the harvest in East Tennessee as abundant, but states that the crops of Middle Tennessee and Northern Alabama have suffered much from drouth, and that there will probably be a great scarcity of food in some localities before another harvest can be gathered. In conclusion, Gen. F. recommends that the State and county authorities take care of their own poor, in order to relieve the Government of the expense it is now incurring for their support.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

This name is a familiar one, and many persons will hear with regret, though certainly not with surprise, of Miss Gould's death. She was seventy-six years of age, and was the oldest living poetess in America. Her father fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and something of his patriotism inspired the verses of his daughter. Miss Gould published three volumes of poetry; one in 1832, a second in 1836, and the third in 1841. Other volumes of hers, prose and verse, original and selected, appeared from time to time down to 1854.

"In her earlier days," says a kindly writer, "Miss Gould was known for her vivacity and wit, and took her share in some of the literary pleasantries, well remembered by those of a former generation as having occurred in the town in which she dwelt so long as to make it almost dear as a birth-place. Her efforts were not marked by the inspiration of genius, or always by easy versification; but they were characterized by true thought, refined and tender emotions, and a pure, calm, healthful moral tone, which made them favorites, and led to their frequent appearance in print, both at home and abroad. Among the pleasantest and most touching of her poems, we recall 'The Snow Storm;' 'The Veteran and the Child;' 'The Pebble;' 'The Scar of Lexington,' and 'The Midnight Mail.'"

The personal character of Miss Gould endeared her to many friends. Her literary tastes never led her to neglect domestic duties or the courtesies of social intercourse. She was known well in many households which she never visited, and leaves behind her a name which many friends, and many readers of her works, will always remember with pleasure and affection.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

JOHN BROWN'S WIDOW. The correspondent of the *Tribune*, in a recent letter from California, gives the following interesting information:

"At a little town, the head of navigation on the Sacramento river, lives the widow of Old John Brown. Her daughters teach public schools, while she finds employment as something between nurse and physician among the neighboring families, by whom she is warmly loved. She is entirely dependent upon her own labor. There is a project to purchase a house and lot for her in this, her chosen home. Any who would aid so worthy an effort may send their contribution through the mail, or by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, to her at Red Bluffs, Tehama County, California. I do not know whether Mrs. Brown is aware of the movement, but, surely, she ought to be placed beyond the reach of want by the American people."

QUEBEC, Sept. 11 John C. Breckinridge arrived here this afternoon in the steamship Hibernian. He proceeds to Montreal this afternoon.

HENRY A. WISE AN ORIGINAL ABOLITIONIST! Many people who know his antecedents will be surprised at a passage in Henry A. Wise's letter to Gen. Grant. Wise was always known as one of the bitterest enemies of the abolition party. So far as we remember, however, he was not one of those who ever eulogized slavery, but evinced his animosity only against Northern interference in the matter. He spoke in this letter as follows:

"So far from my being opposed to the name 'freedmen,' as indicating the condition of slaves freed by the war, the chief consolation I have in the result of the war is that slavery is forever abolished; that not only the slaves are, in fact, at least freed from bondage, but that I am freed from them. Long before the war ended, I had definitely made up my mind to advocate emancipation throughout the South. I had determined, if I could help it, my descendants should never be subject to the humiliation I have been subjected to by the weakness if not the wickedness of slavery; and while I cannot recognize as lawful and humane the violent and shocking mode in which it has been abolished, yet I accept the fact most heartily as an accomplished one, and am determined not only to abide by it and acquiesce in it, but to strive by all the means in my power to make it beneficent to both races and a blessing especially to our country. I unfeignedly rejoice at the fact, and am reconciled to many of the worst calamities of the war, because I am now convinced that the war was a special providence of God, unavoidable by the nation at either extreme, to tear loose from us a black idol from which we never could have been separated by any other means than those of fire and blood, sword and sacrifice."

NEGRO TRUST IN THE YANKEE. A correspondent of the *Herald*, writing from Baton Rouge, La., bears testimony to the willingness of the negroes to work for those in whose ability and disposition to pay them they have ground for confidence:

"Labor will be cheap in Louisiana for a man known among the negroes as a Yankee. They believe in Yankees. They will go their bottom dollar on them. And, notwithstanding the numerous complaints circulated to the effect that they leave their places of work out of pure laziness, *they will work steady if treated right*, and they believe that a Yankee will treat them right. They cannot comprehend that he is of the same make as a 'secesh,' and they stick to him. . . . A gentleman belonging to the military was offered fifteen hundred dollars a year and half the profits of a large plantation, on condition of allowing his name to be used as owning it, and to show his person frequently about the plantation, so that the darkies would believe that they had a Yankee employer. I suppose as soon as his resignation can be accepted, the gentleman will accept the offer."

The negroes of Alabama share this confidence in the Yankee. Gen. Wager Swayne, writing to the same paper from Montgomery, says:

"It is found to be the case throughout this State, that freedmen have more confidence in a 'Yankee,' particularly one who wears a blue coat, than in a native. On large places the services of such a person are very valuable, and many persons are anxious to secure such."

This, observe, is not from an anti-slavery journal, but from the New York *Herald*, a hater of negroes and radicals. There is plenty of similar testimony to the willingness of the negroes to work for those who have any title to their confidence.

BITTERNESS OF FEMALE REBELS. A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing from Chattanooga, August 28, says:

The women of the South are the meanest rebels I have ever met; and when we consider that Don Quixotism is a component part of a Southerner's composition, this fact carries weight with it. One of them, with whom I entered into conversation at the hotel, said, "You wooden nutmeg Yankees don't understand the people, if you think they are subjugated, and that they will submit to tyranny like a poodle pup, licking the hand that smites them. Our men treasure these things up, and when opportunity offers they will wipe out the stain of wounded honor with blood. I am a worse secessionist than ever, and only regret that I could not have done more for the glorious Southern cause."

At this she pulled from her reticule a "special pardon" for her husband, who had been a guerilla, and an order for the release of his property. She had just returned from Washington city. Another little virago sneeringly remarked, "You Yankees feel very proud of your victories, even by dirty Dutch and Irish hirelings and negroes, and your officers ride through our country in special trains. I hope one of them will run off the track one of these days, and send some of you to hell, where you ought to be," and she drew a sigh of relief, and commenced dipping snuff. Another said she could smell a greasy mechanic from the North across the room, and asked me whether I was a blacksmith or brick mason. I told her I was neither. "Well, then, I'll bet my life (how reckless they are of that commodity!) that you are a speculator, quack doctor, or newspaper reporter." I bade her good evening, and retired to dream of the beauties of Southern society.

SYMPATHY FOR SOUTHERN REBELS. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* talks about right when it says:

"There is too much 'puffing' up the necessities of haughty and insolent rebels who aided in forcing civil war upon the country. Every day there is some appeal made to the Northern people in behalf of some Southern community, Charleston, for example, where it is touchingly said 'delicate ladies are compelled to go to the wash-tub or to attend the cook pot.' Assuredly this is a dreadful state of affairs in the eyes of some people, North as well as South, but we do not imagine it will kill the 'delicate ladies' to rub out their delicate mutton stew for their dear, delicate bodies. Our Northern ladies can do all this when needed, without grumbling or crying, and we never heard of its being injurious to them. But lazy people don't like it When Southern women stop their whining, become industrious, and cease their sneering at the Government, they will feel better and more independent."

☞ The Federal capital is now about as lifeless a place as one would wish to see. With the exception of rebels seeking pardon and Federal officers settling up their accounts, few strangers are at present in the city. Willard's Hotel, however, is still crowded to its utmost capacity. Nine-tenths of its guests are remnants of the chivalry from Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Carolina, anxious to obtain a little pardoning grace from President Johnson, and aid him in reconstructing the rebellious States under the rule of "gentlemen" with the "nigger" left out. The fellows are as insolent as ever, and talk as valiantly about Southern honor and Southern gallantry as they used to before the outbreak of the rebellion. They speak as contemptuously of the Yankees as they did before they were so soundly whipped by them. Poor imbeciles, they have learned nothing during four years of war, and are to-day more unfit to be entrusted with power than the negroes they have robbed of the reward of their labor for a century past. We can afford to let them prattle, and play the fool to their hearts' content.—*Corr. of Missouri Democrat.*

QUALIFICATIONS FOR SCHOOL TEACHERS IN MISSOURI. The *Missouri State Times* says that on the record kept by the School Commissioner of Cole county, for the year 1860, which record is now in the office of the County Clerk, appears the following entry:

DECEMBER 3, 1860.

"Revoked the certificate of A. Fechtel for the following reasons, (in substance,) to wit: Because he voted for Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency in 1860, and circulated Black Republican campaign documents; also wrote and put up notices advising the Germans to vote for Lincoln for the Presidency; also for being a Black Republican generally, and therefore immoral and unfit to teach the schools of the country."

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.

Surgeon Reyburn, of the Freedmen's Bureau, who was ordered by Gen. Howard to inspect the condition of the colored people living on "the Island" in this city, has made his report, from which it appears that the number of these people residing in that section is between four and five thousand. The large majority are crowded in small board huts from ten to twelve feet square. These shantics accommodate from two to six persons, and are rented by their rapacious owners at the rate of from three to five dollars per month, or about seventy-five per cent. per annum on their original cost. Careful inquiry was made in order to ascertain if any great amount of distress existed among the colored people, but no facts confirmatory of that belief were found. A good many, however, stated that they had no work, on account of having been discharged from the employ of the Government. The most promising and encouraging feature of intercourse with the colored people was the entire absence on their part of any disposition toward begging, and they all seemed clearly to understand and appreciate their obligations to support themselves and families by the results of their own labor. Owing to the unfavorable nature of the location, which is exposed to miasmatic influences from the Potomac, the almost entire absence of proper drainage and the lack of personal cleanliness on the part of the colored people, a large amount of sickness and mortality was found to exist.

☞ Statistics show that 904 whites are now receiving government rations at Chattanooga, and only 43 negroes! This fact suggests the question whether the negroes can take care of themselves.

General Fremont is turning his attention to Missouri, and designs establishing at St. Louis the manufacture of railroad iron, railroad engines and rolling stock. He is President of the "Missouri Company," a corporation chartered in 1864 by the Legislature, and that Company will, as soon as the proper arrangements can be completed, engage in that business.

General Fremont, Colonel Zagonay, and another gentleman, have taken out a patent for expelling sap and other substances, that produce rot in wood, and inserting sulphate of iron and other substances that render it incorruptible. If the discovery is what they believe it, it will be a fortune to the owners of the patent. The wood can be prepared very cheaply, and will be used for railroad ties, wharves, ship timber and various other purposes. Besides, it is supposed that the wood will be fire-proof. They are testing it on the Hudson river in the article of railroad ties. The General has also, for the manufacture of Russia iron, a process obtained from a Hungarian mechanic, and will quite likely try it in St. Louis. He says he is ambitious of having his name connected with the business and improvements of Missouri, and will endeavor to go into the manufacture of iron at St. Louis.

WHITE AND BLACK LABORERS AT RICHMOND. The Richmond *Republic* of the 2d gives the following account of a labor strike in that city:

"Several days ago, the workmen employed in the rolling mill at the Tredegar Iron Works struck for higher wages. The proprietors refused to give the advance demanded, and employed negroes to perform the labor in the mill. The white men no sooner found out this fact than they marched up to the works in a body, and commenced an attack upon the negroes. The arrival of a guard, however, soon put a stop to the row. Several of the white men were arrested, among them Patrick Woods, who was charged with being the ringleader. Woods was imprisoned in the city jail till yesterday, when, for good and sufficient reason shown, his release was ordered by Gen. Turner."

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY. The President in conversing recently with a prominent New Orleans journalist, referred to his policy, and said that those who imagined him hostile to negro suffrage were mistaken. He urged this gentleman to advocate liberal views in Louisiana. "Why," he said, "cannot you people settle this thing without allowing it to bother me? Why cannot you do as Massachusetts does? If a negro can read the Constitution and write his own name, let him vote. There are not five hundred in Louisiana who can answer that test; but it will be doing justice all around, and stop this Northern clamor."

A COLORED MAIL CONTRACTOR. The Postmaster-General has awarded the contract for carrying the United States mails between Leesburg and Winchester, Va., to Robert Orrick, a colored citizen of the latter town, at a salary of $525 per annum. This is the first instance of a similar award being made to a colored man by the Government. The respectability and trustworthiness of the contractor are vouched for by the Hon. Jno. S. Gallagher, formerly State Senator from the Winchester District.

HENRY S. FOOTE. As we suspected, this gentleman's letter in favor of negro suffrage was the price of his pardon. The "irrepressible" old man has been permitted by the government to return home from Canada, and passed through this city yesterday, on his way to Memphis. There is a condition annexed to the pardon, which all who know Foote consider the severest kind of punishment for him. He is to keep his mouth shut up on political matters in future. This, to so great a talker, will be almost intolerable.—*Cinc. Inquirer.*

NEGROES NOT TAXABLE. Levi Boone, colored, well known as the driver of the National Hotel bus, was summoned to appear before Esquire Richardson, to answer for failure to pay his annual poll tax, on Wednesday of last week. Levi based his defence upon the ground that he was not a citizen, voter or resident of Joliet, and was therefore legally clear. Messrs. Breckinridge and Fellows appeared for defendant, and Messrs. Munn and Pinney for the city. After a full hearing, the Justice decided that Levi need not pay the tax.

STATUE OF MR. LINCOLN. A California sculptor, named Mezzara, has nearly completed a colossal statue of President Lincoln. It is nine feet high, and stands on a pedestal ten feet in height, making a total of nineteen feet. The posture is described in a San Francisco paper as majestic and commanding; the left arm extended in front, and the hand grasping a scroll, supposed to be the Emancipation Proclamation. The right arm hangs at the side, thrown slightly back, as if the subject were speaking. Under the right foot writhes a serpent, and close by it is a broken shackle. An allegorical stump of a tree, from which grow two clasped hands, stands just behind and to the right of the figure.

NATIONAL DEBT. The amount of debt on August 31st was $2,757,689,571 43. On which there is interest amounting to $158,031,620 24. Total of legal tender notes, $684,138,954. During the month of August, the principal of the national debt was increased only $295,000, while the interest decreased nearly $231,000. The amount of coin on hand is $45,500,000 being an increase of $10,000,000 in the previous month. Public revenue for the last month, $50,000,000 and upwards.

In this connection it should be stated that the expenses of the government are being largely lessened by the discharge of Generals of various grades, and other officers, as well as men.

THE AGASSIZ EXPEDITION. The New York *Evening Post* says that recent letters from Rio Janeiro state that Professor Agassiz has had a continual ovation from the Emperor and influential men. He has made a vast collection of objects, and has left for the Amazon, where the Emperor has placed a steamer at his disposal. He has already, as he prophesied before leaving the United States, found the traces of glaciers in the neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro. His observations in Brazil will prove of great interest to the scientific world.

Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M. P., arrived at New York in the Scotia on Tuesday. During the rebellion he has been a devoted and efficient friend of the Union cause, and in Parliament zealously cooperated with Messrs. Cobden, Bright and Forster. When Bishop McIlvaine, the late Archbishop Hughes, and other Union men, were in London, Mr. Kinnaird brought large numbers of distinguished personages together on many occasions at his mansion, expressly to consider the American question. This gentleman should be hospitably welcomed by the citizens of the country which he has so ably and persistently defended.

☞ George Livermore, of Cambridge, Mass., widely known among scholars through his contributions to historical and antiquarian literature, died last week, at the age of 56. In 1862 he published and circulated, at his own expense, an octavo volume of some 300 pages, entitled "Historical Research respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers." This work exerted a wide influence in opening the way for the enlistment of colored soldiers. His purse as well as his pen was devoted to his country in the great struggle with treason and slavery. He was a collector of rare books, and when he died was the possessor of a library which, in some departments, was equal to any in America, and in its treasures of Bibles and Testaments was without a rival.

☞ As the steamer Palestine was coming down the Ohio River, a short distance above Paducah, a difficulty occurred between the clerk and a negro waiter. The clerk knocked the negro down. On landing at Paducah, the negro made a complaint to Col. York, commanding the post, who ordered the clerk arrested. On the approach of the guard, the boat attempted to get away, backing out and breaking her lines. The guard continued firing until another pilot went to the wheel, and landed the boat. The clerk was fined $50 and then released, and the boat permitted to proceed.

☞ Information has been received by the Freedmen's Bureau, that colored troops on duty at Harper's Ferry have been fired on lately by returned rebel soldiers, who station themselves on Loudon heights, on the opposite side of the river, and shoot at them whenever a favorable opportunity presents itself. Measures have been taken by Gen. Howard to put a stop to these outrages, and the guilty parties, if caught, will be treated as outlaws and summarily executed.

☞ The planters of North Carolina having been in the habit recently of driving away the women and children who had been their slaves, Col. Whittlesey, of the Freedmen's Bureau in that State, issued a circular to his agents, authorizing them to levy upon the farms of such planters for sufficient food to feed such parties until the close of the year. This plan had the desired effect, and the practice ceased at once.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 10. The Episcopal Convention has nominated for Bishop of Tennessee Rev. Chas. L. Quintard, who for four years was Chaplain of the Rock City Guards, and afterward of a rebel regiment from this city. He was unanimously elected on the first ballot.

Some returned rebel soldiers on Wednesday night burned the freedmen's school at Decherd, Tennessee. Mr. Schulz, the teacher, was obliged to fly for his life. General Johnson, commanding the Middle District of Tennessee, has taken prompt measures to suppress these and other lawless acts.

NASHVILLE, Sept. 8. The explosion yesterday on the North Western Railroad was a terrible affair. The train consisted of eight cars and passenger coaches, and there were nearly 200 persons on board. The two foremost cars contained powder, shot and shell, and, it is supposed, sparks from the locomotive communicated with the powder through cracks in the car, causing the explosion. Seven persons were killed outright, and nearly all received more or less injury. The fireman was killed, the engineer badly injured, and the conductor slightly. Among the slightly injured was Mr. Van Valkenburg, Assistant Superintendent of Telegraph. All the cars were blown to pieces, except the two in the rear. The engine was totally wrecked. The concussion was terrific, and shook the buildings in town like an earthquake.

☞ A Nashville despatch says the scene of the terrible explosion on the railroad near that city beggars description. The woods for acres are perfectly leafless, and blackened as though dead for years. The ground is strewed with branches, and large trees are shivered as by lightning. The embankment appears as if a volcano had vomited it up; a rocky ledge on the left of the track is split and shivered. Forty rods from the place of explosion lies a dead mule, without wound, killed by concussion. Shells continued to explode for several hours after the accident. The proximity is still dangerous, as many shells lie scattered about.

FROM SAVANNAH. Savannah papers of the 5th say General Steadman has issued an order, that he has been informed that firearms are distributed over the State in the hands of designing men, and directs that all such arms be turned over to the Provost Marshal within thirty days. After that time the Provost Marshals shall seize all they can find, and arrest the parties having them. It appears that General Steadman's information was of a most important character, shadowing forth another rebellion.

BLOODHOUNDS FROM SOUTHERN PRISONS. Mr. Mann has arrived in Boston from Virginia and Georgia, and now has the celebrated bloodhound "Hero," from Castle Thunder, Richmond, and another bloodhound from Andersonville prison, on exhibition. These dogs were used by the rebel authorities to run down escaped Union soldiers. "Hero" is seven feet in length, and weighs over two hundred pounds.

POLITICAL. The State of Connecticut votes on the first Monday in October upon the question of striking from the State constitution the clause which disfranchises colored men. The Union State Central Committee, in anticipation of this special election, have issued a stirring address in favor of the amendment.

VERMONT ELECTION. The Rutland *Herald* publishes a list of Representatives elected, 106 of whom are Republicans and 7 Democrats.

Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, has received from Mr. Henry Tyson, of Baltimore, a present of a rifle taken in the engine-house at Harper's Ferry, upon the capture of John Brown, in October, 1859, and which was given to him (Mr. T.) by Gov. Wise. It was one of forty which fell into Gov. W.'s hands, and is in precisely the condition in which it was when Brown surrendered, having a cap upon the nipple and all primed.

☞ Gen. Asboth, commanding West Florida, has found it necessary to issue an order, informing paroled rebel soldiers that their paroles do not give them immunity to violate the laws of Congress or regulations concerning slavery.

☞ Ex-Gov. Medil, a well-known Democratic politician in Ohio, and who has filled important offices of trust and honor in the State and nation, died at Lancaster, Ohio, on the 21 instant. He was 60 years of age, and died of paralysis.

☞ Gen. Schenck, in a recent speech in Ohio, said, "A rebel is a courageous copperhead, and a copperhead is a cowardly rebel."

☞ It has been discovered in Richmond that those persons who took the oath of allegiance to the rebel Government, renounced all allegiance to the United States or any State of the United States.

☞ The Atlantic Telegraph Company has given orders for the manufacture of a cable, to be laid early next year.

☞ The West India mail steamer Zine has arrived at Southampton, having among her passengers Judah P. Benjamin, the late rebel Secretary of State. The Zine took fire when about 50 miles out from St. Thomas, and put back with all speed, and after considerable difficulty the fire was subdued and the ship proceeded. She had nearly $1,700,000 in specie.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 7. A special despatch from Jackson says Major General Slocum has recalled his order opposing Gov. Sharkey's call for militia, in accordance with that portion of the President's proclamation which sustains the Governor in the case of Gov. Sharkey and Gen. Slocum.

☞ The *Tribune's* Washington despatch says a Military Commission will sit in St. Louis to try the steamboat burners, and Jeff. Davis and Secretaries Mallory and Seddon have been subpœnaed to testify in the cases.

☞ A number of prominent Texans have requested the venerable Judge Burnett to go to Washington, and intercede in behalf of Jeff. Davis. Should he fail, he is requested to act in behalf of the arch rebel in any court in which he may be tried. Judge Burnett has accepted the trust. He was the first President of the old Republic of Texas.

☞ New quarters are preparing for Jeff. Davis in Carroll Hall Building, inside Fortress Monroe, from which it is inferred that his trial will take place there.

☞ Mr. Stephens's apartments, at Fort Warren, have been transferred to the same quarter that is occupied by officers of the garrison. He is allowed to correspond with whom and how he pleases. If he will only consider that he is having a long sojourn at the seaside at public expense, he'll find nothing to complain of. His fate is somewhat different from that of men who were murdered at Andersonville by orders of that government of which he was second officer.—*Traveller.*

☞ An insurrection of the freedmen in Virginia is feared. Treat them justly, and they will not rise. They are not so fond of early rising as to resort to it in the dawn of their freedom, if they shall not be turned out of bed. An insurrection of freedmen is no more to be dreaded by the South than Sodom had occasion to dread a "drowning out" on her fire-and-brimstone day.—*Traveller.*

TRUE TO PRINCIPLE. Hon. Rodney French was a member of the Constitutional Convention which was in session in Colorado last month, and was one of the committee on Preamble, Schedule and Ordinances. The Commodore made a determined effort to provide for negro suffrage in the constitution, but as at least three-fourths of the convention were unalterably opposed to it, his arguments were unavailing.—*New Bedford Republican Standard.*

☞ Of the long list of names published in the Richmond papers, of persons appointed to act as a committee of reception for President Johnson, all but twelve have been notified by General Terry that they will not be permitted to serve on account of former Confederate proclivities.

☞ A correspondent of the Washington *Republican* states that Major General Hooker is to be married, on September 12th, to Miss Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, sister of Judge W. L. Groesbeck, ex-member of Congress. Miss Groesbeck enjoys an income of $40,000 per annum.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE. The freedmen of St. Helena Island, S. C., held a meeting on the 4th inst., and adopted resolutions setting forth their services to the country during the war, and petitioning the Convention to assemble at Columbus on the 13th inst., to so alter the present constitution of South Carolina as to give the right of suffrage to every man twenty-one years of age, without other qualification than that required of white citizens. They express a determination never to cease their efforts to this end.

☞ The colored folks of St. Louis contemplate holding a convention soon for the purpose of considering their new relations to society and the Government. Among other rights which they will demand is that of riding on the street railroad cars. The question of suffrage will also be discussed.

☞ At a meeting of the Des Moines (Iowa) Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop Simpson presiding, a resolution in favor of negro suffrage was passed by acclamation.

☞ Webster gives this definition in his new "Unabridged": "Democrat—One who adheres to a government by the people, *or favors the extension of the right of suffr

Poetry.

For the Liberator.

LEX CONSTITUO.

Yes—we heard when the voice of deep agony rose
O'er the land, and we knew what that voice was revealing;
The crushing of hearts—the outpouring of woes—
Bound children of sorrow for mercy appealing!
And we said the curst veil should be rent from the past,
That the tyrant's disguise to the ground should be cast,
That the children of sorrow should come to the light,
For brave hearts and true ones were strong for the fight!

And we saw them—our brethren—by thousands in chains:
But for what did men torture—for what had they bound them?
O, why did they mock them—deriding their pains?
Say—for what did those savage tormentors surround them?
Had they robbed them of peace? had they robbed them of gold?
Or had they been pirates, audacious and bold?
No! the sufferers were strangers from o'er the wild waves—
They had found them, and bound them, and called them their slaves!

Their slaves! why, we've called this the "home of the free"!
And we've said that the banner of freedom is waving:—
Has Tyranny rested on Liberty's tree?
Have the laws of our land been the laws for enslaving?
Yes—we heard it—we heard it—the clank of the chain!
And our dimm'd eyes beheld it—the blood-purpled stain,
The dark sin of the sea—the red crime of the shore—
And we prayed that the demon might triumph no more.

And the day has just dawned—that glorious day,
When we know that the shackles forever are broken;
The deep curse of slavery is passing away,
For brave hearts and true ones the glad words have spoken.
Do you ask if we're *one* in this Heaven-born plan—
If we're *one* in proclaiming the freedom of man?
Yes—shout the glad tidings o'er land and o'er sea,
Henceforth and forever—*Columbia* is *free!*

ANNETTE HAZLETON.

Farmington, Ontario Co., N. Y.

For the Liberator.

ALICE.

BY KATY CARLISLE.

They covered her bed with the damp green sod,
'Neath the deepening summer skies;—
She had laid her down in her early bloom,
Life's hopes in her dark-blue eyes.
There her pale hands fold o'er her bosom cold,
And her waxen eyelids close,
And our voices, that tremble with tears, cannot break
The spell of that long repose.

With the gold-brown tresses so richly waved
From her blue-veined, polished brow;
With the heavenly smile on her death-sealed lips,
She comes to our memory now.
Oh! damp and cold is the daisied mould
O'er the pale, light form we love;
But warm and bright is our darling's home
In her Father's house above!

SEPTEMBER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Sweet is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying come and go
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hidden places,
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve full shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning,
And purple vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The wind shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey-lees
That linger in the last flowers of September,
While plaintive mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O, fairest summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;
The wild fowl fly afar,
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar trees,
And round about my temples fondly lingers,
In gentle playfulness,
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

SONG OF THE FREEDMEN.

BY H. B. WARDWELL.

Thank God! we bow no more as slaves
Above our kindred's nameless graves;
But lift our brows in freedom's air,
And feel His spirit passing there!

We heard the hosts of battle tread
Where fell the dying and the dead;
We saw their starry banners fly
Like flame along God's arching sky.

We saw the war-cloud's sombre fold
Above the bursting thunders rolled;
And saw above the strife of men
The liberating angel then.

The tyrant's thrall is broke at last,
And freedom's day is dawning fast;
Oppression's starless night is o'er,
That stretched in gloom from shore to shore.

The slave mart of despotic gain
No longer holds its bloody reign;
The starry flag no more shall wave
In mockery of the fettered slave.

Then wake the anthem of the free,
And let it roll from sea to sea;
And may the future years of time
Revive no more earth's darkest crime!

—*Zion's Herald.*

BOOKS.

Books,
My only commerce now, will sometimes rouse me
Beyond my nature. I have been so warm'd,
So heated by a well-turn'd rhapsody,
That I have seem'd the hero of the tale
So glowingly described. Draw me a man
Struggling for fame, attaining, keeping it,
Dead ages since, and the historian
Decking his memory in polished phrase,
And I can follow him through every town,
Grow wild in his exploits, myself himself,
Until the thick pulsation of my heart
Wakes me to ponder on the thing I am.

The Liberator.

THE CHURCH DIFFICULTY AT CONCORD.

DIVINE SERVICE UNDER POLICE SERVEILLANCE.

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 5.

It will be remembered that some three months ago, in the Unitarian Church in this city, a man by the name of Stearns had the ill-taste and bad manners to assail his minister, (for preaching an anti-slavery discourse, in which he advocated negro suffrage, contrary to the direction of said Stearns,) with the most opprobrious and insulting epithets, accompanied by threats and threatening demonstrations—all of which the minister, as became him, treated with contempt.

An illegal and imperfectly notified meeting of the Society was called, which voted that the house should be closed against Mr. Hatch; and it has since been kept closed by order of the Parish Committee, notwithstanding the protest of Mr. H., sustained by the *unanimous* vote of the Church.

Last Sunday it was opened again, and notice having been given that Rev. Mr. Haskell, of Salem, Mass., would preach, there was considerable excitement, as it was known that Mr. Hatch—notwithstanding a vote of the Society to dismiss him, thought to be illegal—claimed to be still the minister of the Society, and, of course, to have control of the pulpit.

The time of service came, and with it a large congregation, including quite a number of persons who were not in the habit of attending that meeting, and who evidently anticipated a disturbance. Among the latter were *two of the city police*, who, it seems, had been sent for under the impression that their services would be needed.

Mr. Hatch was the first to enter the pulpit—followed, however, soon after, by Mr. Haskell. The two conferred together for a moment in the greatest apparent pleasantness, when the former addressed the audience, briefly, entering a formal protest against the action of the Committee in claiming control of the pulpit, and read a legal opinion by Judge Davis, of Maine, justifying his claim to be the minister of the Society until it should be decided, by an ecclesiastical council, whether the grounds of complaint brought against him were good and sufficient cause for his dismission. After adding that he had no ill-feeling toward the brother who had come to preach without being told the circumstances; and that the legitimacy of his own claim to the control of the pulpit would probably be soon authoritatively determined, he resumed his seat, and Mr. Haskell proceeded with the usual order of service, after a few words of explanation. He said that when he was engaged to preach here, by a person in Boston, he was not told one word of the circumstances of the case. If he had known that his brother present claimed control of the pulpit, he would never have agreed to preach. In simply fulfilling his engagement, he said, he must not be understood as taking any ground against his brother, or in favor of the Committee.

Mr. Haskell's sermon was an excellent one, and his whole bearing, under the trying circumstances in which he was placed, was matter of general commendation.

He stated to several individuals, in conversation, that he *fully* sympathized with Mr. Hatch in his anti-slavery views, and had advocated negro suffrage in his own pulpit in Salem—and also those liberal and anti-puritanic views of Sunday observance which some have seen fit to make a handle of against Mr. Hatch in this controversy.

In the evening, Mr. Hatch delivered a discourse, from Col. ii. 8, in the Universalist church. Among his hearers were a considerable number of the Unitarian congregation, and Rev. Mr. Haskell, who went forward to meet the preacher when he came down from the pulpit—congratulated him on the able manner in which he had acquitted himself, and walked home with him.

On the whole, instead of ending in a disgraceful disturbance, the general effect on the existing controversy has been good.

P. S. It is said that Mr. Hatch's offer to submit the whole matter to the decision of an ecclesiastical council, which the Society have for two months refused, will soon be accepted.

PHRENOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION

OF ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Johnson has an uncommonly strong constitution, a vigorous and condensed organization, and a predominance of the vital and motive temperaments. He has a hard, tough muscle, a compact osseous system, and a great amount of vitality and tenacity of life. In every position of life he would, from his organization, be distinctly marked, exhibit energy, efficiency, force of character, power of endurance, and the ability to overcome every obstacle in the way of carrying out his projects. The mental temperament is fully developed, but not predominant. He has vitality sufficient to balance the action of the brain and nervous system. The basilar portion of his brain is large, and aids in materializing the tendency of his mind, in preventing him from becoming too visionary or speculative, too sentimental or ethereal. He has mental and physical courage, good digestive powers, dexterity, and great versatility of talent. He can look at life in a practical manner, can recognize the wants and conditions of the body as well as those of the mind, can study nature and natural laws, and is well fitted to meet the requirements of life. His executive faculties have a balancing influence over the spiritual and sympathetic faculties. His intellectual faculties balance the social, so that, unless circumstances are peculiarly exciting, he is so well fortified mentally and physically that he will not be subject to many eccentricities, but will pursue a straight-forward course of conduct in every emergency. He has a broad face and forehead, and the head is high and large in circumference. He will have no fine-spun, dyspeptic theories; no narrow, contracted platforms, but will aim at the "head pin" to make a bold "ten strike"; will deal with established principles, and, as far as possible, will strike at the root of evil, instead of lopping off the branches and trunk. His mind is comprehensive and extensive in its range of thought. The perceptive faculties are large, and give great range of observation, correct judgment of external objects, great definitiveness to his thoughts and plans, and pointedness to his remarks. Every speech that he has made has some point, some pith, and reference to some practical truth. Order and calculation are large, and give him great power to arrange and systematize, to make correct estimates, to look at the profit and loss, and to take all things into account in his decisions and conclusions. He has a high moral brain. Benevolence is large, and exerts a powerful influence over his whole character. It is well that he has also the executive elements, otherwise his sympathies would control his judgment, and he might at times be too generous and too merciful. Conscientiousness is large, and it has a powerful influence. When its action combines with that of firmness and the executive faculties, it gives him great moral courage, the disposition to adhere rigidly to what he thinks right and just, to discharge his duty faithfully without reference to the opinions of any one. The exercise of this faculty is general in its influences and application, rather than directed into sectarian channels. Were it not for the modifying influence of his extensive experience, his strong affection and very strong sympathy, he might be more just than merciful, and disposed to execute the law to the fullest extent of its letter as well as spirit. As it is, he will not compromise with the guilty. He will shield the innocent, but will punish those who transgress wilfully and knowingly. Hope, spirituality and veneration are fully developed, and their influence modifies his character. Whether he has a creed or believes in a particular form of worship or not, these organs would make him feel his dependence upon a higher power, and the necessity of spiritual guidance. Ideality, imitation and mirthfulness are fully developed, but they are not influential in his character unless circumstances are specially favorable to their development. Sublimity is large and vigorous in its action, and enables him to see and feel the full force of a great subject, or of powerful attributes. Approbativeness is an active organ, and gives him ambition to make the most of his faculties, and to use all his powers to the best advantage. It takes an intellectual rather than a social direction. Self-esteem has no special manifestation, either in his head or physiognomy. He may have a certain degree of self-reliance or self-confidence, but it arises more from the consciousness and knowledge of his strength than from an innate feeling of self-love. His pride and dignity are manifested only in proportion as he has to fill a responsible position. His social brain is fully developed, and has a regulating influence over his whole character, but it would be exhibited to the masses as well as to special friends outside of his domestic circle. He is deeply interested in the welfare of the race, in every thing calculated to promote the interests of humanity; would aid a stranger in distress as quickly as a relative, and will always be a friend to those who need his friendship, whether he is attracted to them socially or not. He is well fitted in every way for public life, to discharge responsible duties, and the more responsibilities are heaped upon him, the more his latent energies will be called out. It is seldom that I have an occasion to analyze an organization that is so strongly marked in every respect. He is a good type of a masculine character. If his youthful advantages had been more refined and elevated, and his associations more literary and polished, he would have commanded greater respect from certain circles of society, and would have developed his talents in different channels; but he would not then have exhibited his native strength of character, which circumstances have brought out, nor would he have been so free and outspoken, so untrammelled in the expression of his true sentiments, so frank and unrestrained in all his actions.

His history shows what a man who has native talent can do by industry and perseverance, for he has risen solely by the aid of his own merits. It also shows that when a man will exert himself to overcome obstacles in his way, community is always willing to help him. By the late melancholy death of President Lincoln, Andrew Johnson is placed in the presidential chair. He assumes this great responsibility at a time when there are complicated principles to settle and difficult subjects to discuss, which require almost superhuman wisdom, sagacity, and foresight, a clear and unbiassed judgment, a love of justice and mercy, and great energy to meet every emergency that will arise. Mr. Johnson has the organization, mentally and physically, to be the man for the hour. If he is sustained by the sympathies and counsels of the cabinet and best men of the country, he will place the institutions of America upon a firm and immutable basis, making America the land of freedom, the land of liberty, where equal rights are ceded to all true patriots, of every color and country. Mr. Johnson was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, Dec. 29th, 1808. When he was only four years old, his father died; when ten, he was apprenticed to a tailor, with whom he served seven years. He then worked as a journeyman tailor for nearly two years. He removed to the West, and in 1827 was elected as an alderman in the village where he lived; he was re-elected three times, was then chosen mayor, and held this position for three years; then elected to the Legislature; was in 1840 a presidential elector for his State on the Democratic ticket; in 1841 he was elected to the Senate; in 1843 he was elected to Congress, and served ten years; in 1853 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, after an exciting canvass; was re-elected in 1855, and in 1857 elected United States Senator for six years. He was elected Vice-President in 1864, and by the death of Mr. Lincoln he now occupies the highest seat of honor in America. He learned to read in his boyhood in the dead hours of the night, struggled with poverty and adversity in every form; but he has conquered every difficulty, and can truly be said to be a self-made man.

L. N. FOWLER.

Preston, (Eng.,) May 12th, 1865.

THE CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE CAPTURE OF JEFF. DAVIS.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September gives an account of the capture of the rebel chief, which he asserts to be "literally true to the minutest detail." We extract the following particulars from this account:—

Col. Pritchard, after parting with Col. Harnden, sent a strong picket to the ferry, and then resumed his march on the river road. About three miles from Abbeville, he found a negro watching his master's broken down wagon. From him he learned some interesting particulars concerning the train which Harnden was pursuing, and which had crossed the ferry the night before: among them this:—That when the party with the train had come to pay the ferryman, the latter went to strike a light, which the former forbade, saying that they could pay well enough without a light, and in fact did pay him a ten-dollar gold piece and a ten-dollar Confederate note—a circumstance which, with other things, made Pritchard believe that Davis crossed the river with the train. He also learned that the river road was intersected at Wilcox's Mills by a cross-road leading to Irwinville; and as Davis appeared to be in the habit of travelling away from the train, it seemed not improbable that he might be found on a road parallel to the one the train was following. Accordingly, that nothing on his part should be left undone to effect the capture of the fugitive, he selected thirteen of the best mounted men from each company of his command, and determined with them to follow the road to Irwinville, at which point, if Davis should not be fallen in with on the way, he could communicate again with Harnden. Captain Hathaway, in command of the remainder of the force, was left at Abbeville, with orders to patrol and picket the river.

All things being arranged, we pushed rapidly for Irwinville. This was also a beautiful moonlight night. The dust having been laid by the rain, and the air bracing, the horses stepped out at a free and steady pace, that brought us to our destination about two o'clock A. M., of the 18th, but neither finding Davis on the road, nor, to our surprise, the Wisconsin regiment in the town. Without any unnecessary disturbance, we halted to gather information—the men, meanwhile, sliding from their horses, to catch, for the moment, a bit of sleep. In the midst of this quiet a woman began to scream, and an officer near went to learn the cause. She complained that some of the men, "Burners," had got into her smoke-house, and were appropriating her hams. This was speedily rectified, but not her disposition to talk and scream. She said, "There's a camp of our men out there, two hundred of them, and they will pay you'ns for pestering me!" And she screamed as if she would alarm the camp. About this time a negro boy, belonging to the woman, was pulled out of bed, and having "allowed" that he knew of this camp, and had been to it, he was promptly taken to the head of the column to act as a guide. Pritchard, convinced that he had found Davis's camp, and determined to make sure of his capture, sent Lieutenant Purinton with twenty-five dismounted men to gain the other side of it, in order to prevent escape in that direction when he should charge in from this side; he also moved his command forward about a mile, and then quietly waited for day to break. The realization that we were near to, and probably would seize the head of the Confederacy, and thus destroy at once the political organization and rallying point of the thing, made us all tremble with anxiety. To put the finishing stroke to the rebellion was our high duty, and would be a crowning proof and act of patriotism. At this time we knew nothing of the reward for the apprehension of Davis; we knew only that he was the chief man of our country's enemies, and we were resolved that none should blame us if we failed to capture or kill him.

THE CAPTURE.

At daybreak the order was passed in a whisper to make ready to enter the camp. The men were alive to the work. Mounting their horses, the column moved at a walk until the tents came in sight, and then at the word dashed in. The camp was found pitched on both sides of the road. On the left hand, as we entered, were wagons, horses, tents and men. On the right were two wall tents, fronting from the road. All was quiet in the camp. We encountered no guards; if there were any out, they must have been asleep. The order of the force entering the camp should perhaps be given. Captain Hudson commanded the advance guard; Lieutenant Stauber followed with a detachment of the first battalion; next, Lieutenant Boutwell, with one of the second battalion; and Lieutenant Bennet brought up the rear guard. The force in advance of Lieutenant Boutwell, immediately on entering the camp, dispersed among the tents on the left of the road. Some of his men rode to the tents on the right of the road, among them private James H. Lynch, of Company C—it is well, for good reasons, to mention the names of the enlisted men—who, seeing a horse saddled and bridled, with holsters and travelling-bag, held by a black man in front of one of the tents, at once clapped the muzzle of his Spencer to the head of the "boy," and secured the animal. This was Davis's well-trained and fleetest saddle-horse, which Lynch, who was in Richmond when the war broke out, and came and joined us at Murfreesboro after the battle of Stone River, claims to have recognized.

Scarcely had this horse been secured when firing was heard down the road, in the direction of Purinton. Pritchard instantly gave the order to advance, and Lieutenant Boutwell, who had continued on horseback on the road, holding his men mainly in hand for any emergency that might arise, promptly obeyed, and, crossing a slough of mud and water, swept towards the firing, and was greeted with a volley that killed two of his men and severely wounded himself in the left arm. He had been previously wounded in the right arm in the Atlanta campaign. He, however, quickly formed his men for fight, uniting them with those under Purinton, and for a few minutes a decidedly earnest conflict was waged, when a man by the name of Wright, sergeant of Company A, discovering that our opponents wore the blue uniform, and divining that they must be the Wisconsin regiment, ran, swinging his hat over to them, and stopped the firing—an act of cool bravery that saved, without doubt, many lives.

* * * * However Pritchard's arrangements may be cavilled at, they certainly secured the capture of Davis. For the Wisconsin force, coming in the direction it did, could hardly have crossed the body of mud and water that lay between it and Davis without alarming him, and affording him time to mount his horse, kept, as we found, ready saddled and bridled for flight, and to escape into the woods surrounding the camp. But by Pritchard's movement, Davis was not alarmed in season; and when he discovered his horse out of his power, he sought to escape by stratagem. That he relied upon his horse for safety is evident from the fact that his arms and money (gold) were on the saddle.

DAVIS IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

Andrew Bee, a private of Company L, went to the entrance of Davis's tent, and was met by Mrs. Davis, "bareheaded and barefoot," as he describes her, who, putting her hand on his arm, said:—

"Please don't go in there till my daughter gets herself dressed."

Andrew thereupon drew back, and in a few minutes a young lady (Miss Howell) and another person, bent over as with age, wearing a lady's "water proof" gathered at the waist, with a shawl drawn over the head, and carrying a tin-pail, appear, and ask to go to "the run" for water. Mrs. Davis also appears, and says:—

"For God's sake, let my old mother go to get some water!"

No objection being made, they passed out. But sharp eyes were upon the singular looking "old mother." Suddenly Corporal Munyer, of Company C, and others at the same instant, discovered that the "old mother" was wearing very heavy boots for an aged female, and the corporal exclaimed:—

"That is not a woman! Don't you see the boots?" and, spurring his horse forward and cocking his carbine, compelled the withdrawal of the shawl, and disclosed Jeff. Davis.

As if stung by this discovery of his unmanliness, Jeff. struck an attitude, and cried out:—

"Is there a man among you? If there is, let me see him!"

"Yes," said the corporal, "I am one; and if you stir, I will blow your brains out!"

"I know my fate, and might as well die here."

But his wife threw her arms around his neck, and kept herself between him and the threatening corporal.

No harm, however, was done him, and he was generally kindly spoken to; he was only stripped of his female attire.

As a man, he was dressed in a complete suit of gray, a light felt hat and high cavalry boots, with a gray beard of about six weeks growth covering his face.

He said he thought that our Government was too magnanimous to hunt women and children that way.

When Colonel Pritchard told him that he would do the best he could for his comfort, he answered:

"I ask no favors of you."

To which surly reply the Colonel courteously responded by assuring him of kind treatment.

* * * The prisoners having finished the breakfast which their servants were allowed to prepare for them, we, joyful at our success, though saddened by the price so cruelly exacted, took up the line of march for Macon. Lieutenant Colonel Harnden and his tired "boys," sharing in the general feeling, led the way.

MRS. DAVIS.

Mrs. Davis was very watchful lest some disrespect should be shown her husband. She assumed the responsibility of the disguise, saying she put the clothing on the "President." She complained that the guards kept their guns cocked: but when it was explained to her that the Spencer carbine was for safety carried at half-cock, she seemed content. In personal appearance she is nearly the opposite of her husband, who is a man wearing an ill expression of countenance, slim, spare, and under six feet, while she is quite fair and of good size. On the road both Mr. and Mrs. Davis were at times seen in tears. She read the Bible to him, and he regularly asked a blessing over their meals. We "Vandals," as he so often proclaimed us to be, did not disturb him. There were men among us captors who had been prisoners at Andersonville, but they spoke of him without malice; they only asked for justice, as they recalled their fearful experience. Davis recognized and claimed the horse private Lynch had seized, and when he pleased was permitted to ride him.

The members of Davis's staff submitted with better grace than he to the capture and march, and were generally quite communicative; but, when speaking to Jeff. they removed their hats, and addressed him as "President Davis." The most interesting individual of the captured party was James H. Brooks, a little mulatto boy about the size of Davis's son, who was his playmate. The little fellow readily affiliated with the Yankees, and became quite a pet.

About dusk of this day, the 10th of May, we reached Abbeville, where Captain Hathaway's detachment joined us.

The news of Davis's capture spread like wild-fire. The country people came in great crowds to see him; he did not show himself, however, usually avoiding the sight of those who flocked to him. We did not understand that the people had come to sympathize with him, or do him honor, but only that they were simply seeking to gratify their curiosity. To us they expressed exultation at his capture and the prospect of peace.

CONCERNING SPONGES.

Most persons who have their birth in a Christian land, who are at all observing in their habits, and who do not belong to that great political party known as the "great unwashed," have some idea, more or less distinct, of the appearance and qualities of the sponge. The distinguished characteristic of the Sponge is in capacity of absorbing water. It has a great imbibing power. In this it is second only to the habitues of a city rum saloon or a village tavern. The learned tell us that it is an animal, and if so it must be like the Irishman's alligator—"a baste that was all mouth except his tail, and that was mouth too." It is because of the wonderful capacity for absorption which some men are endowed with by nature, or acquire by long and successful practice, that they have been denominated sponges. Such persons have the faculty and the skill of imbibing all that is necessary for their maintenance either in a physical, mental or moral point of view, with a *sang-froid* and matter-of-course sort of air, which is wonderful to behold. For instance, in the first year of my ministry—I am a Baptist minister, reader—a man drove up to my gate one terribly rainy afternoon, threw the reins over his horse's neck, and knocked at my door. I opened it, and he said:

"Is this the Rev. Mr. Gladius?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, brother G., my name is Elder Sponge. I am on my way to the general association, and I thought I would stop over night with you. I'm very wet, so please take my horse to your stable, give him eight or ten ears of corn, and run my buggy under cover."

Dear reader, I was greener then than I am now, and I did it. When I came back to the house, I found brother S. comfortably seated, with his muddy boots on the round of one of my parlor chairs, and his dripping umbrella standing upon the pretty rug my wife was at so much pains to make. I went into the kitchen just in time to hear that lady tell our little hired girl to go to the store, a quarter of a mile away, and get some black tea, for brother S. had told her he couldn't drink any other. We kept that man two days, and when I arrived at the general association, I heard of brother S. telling that we had treated him very shabbily.

An old friend of mine, the son of a Baptist minister, told me once that when he was a boy, he really used to think that he had curried the horses and blackened the boots of every Baptist in Ohio. He said their stock of chickens became so reduced by the visits of the travelling angels of the Sponge persuasion, that there was only left one long-legged wary old rooster, who became so suspicious that the instant he caught sight of a Br. Sponge coming over the brow of the hill, with wide extended wings, and yellow legs and feet, scattering the dust in clouds behind him, he took to the woods, cackling at the top of his voice, "My turn next—my turn next!"

I have already alluded to the air with which the Sponge inflicts himself upon you. He really seems to think he is doing you a great favor, and that you ought to be overwhelmed with the sense of the honor done you by his visit. Mrs. Gladius can't stand that. Mrs. G. is a very nice woman, and a very clever woman, but not long ago she expressed herself to me somewhat forcibly in this wise:

"I didn't care so much about that man (i. e. Br. Sponge) staying here a week, or about his blacking his boots on the window sill, or his smoking his nasty pipe in the parlor, or making me get soft boiled eggs and toast for him every morning. I could stand his detestable sanctimonious snuffle when he prayed, but to think of his squeezing my hand when he left, and telling me it must afford me great pleasure to carry out the Apostolic injunction in Hebrews, 13:2, and that I would receive my reward—that I can't stand, and I won't stand—there now!"

If these Sponges were always upon religious or denominational business, it would not be quite so bad; but generally they are peddling books, selling reapers, or hawking rat-traps about the country. It is astonishing what demands they will make of one. I once received a letter like this:

SPONGEVILLE, Aug. 5.

Rev. Mr. Gladius. Dear Brother: I am a Baptist in good standing, and am engaged in the commission business. Can you inform me what is the price of beans in your village? An early answer will greatly oblige,

Yours in the bonds of Gospel love,
A. SPONGE."

The following was my reply:

"*Mr. A. Sponge. Dear Sir:* Yours of —— is received. No. Send me a stamp for the postage of this letter. Yours, &c.,
GLADIUS."

A still more summary dealing is that of my friend, Rev. Muscular Christian. My friend boards at the village hotel, and not long since he was visited by a tall, solemn-looking individual, who announced himself as the general agent of the Aurora Borealis Aid Commission for supplying the destitute inhabitants of the North pole with palm-leaf fans and ice-cream freezers. He also said that he supposed that it was convenient for him to stay there until he could present the subject to the churches.

"Certainly, the landlord will be happy to entertain you," blandly responded my friend.

"Ah, yes, but I want to stop with you. I always stop with the minister."

"Well, I will let you occupy one of my rooms for a dollar and a half a day."

"But I don't mean that. I mean for you to entertain me as other ministers do; they don't charge me anything."

With that my friend turned, and looked him square in the face, and said:

"What is your salary, sir?"

"Two thousand dollars a year, and my expenses paid."

"Well, sir, my salary is just eight hundred dollars a year, and if you don't leave this room instanter, I shall proceed to put you out."

"What!" ejaculated the general agent, lifting up his hands in holy horror, "is that the spirit of the gospel? Is this fulfilling the injunction of the apostle, 'As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men?'"

"May be not," replied my friend. "But I am very sure that the apostle never meant all men to live with me, and I interpret the text to mean, 'As much as don't lie in you, put 'em out,' and I shall immediately proceed from the exposition to the application, unless you leave."

The general agent left. Reader, don't understand me as indorsing the Rev. Muscular Christian's course. I must say that I think it a little too severe. I have in contemplation a milder remedy. I propose buying a six-pounder, planting it before my front gate, and loading it with a blank cartridge. When Br. Sponge makes his appearance, I will touch it off. This will, I think, in most cases, scare him. But, if he should continue to advance, I shall then, with my family, execute a masterly retreat to the barn, where I shall have enough provisions stored to last me until the enemy raises the siege, and retires. GLADIUS.

RAISING WAGES---AN OBJECTION CONSIDERED.

Those outside of the ranks of labor, but affected by its movements because they have occasion to employ it, often raise a certain objection which they think "floors" the whole labor movement. They are wont to ask, with an air of triumph and a sneer at the stupidity of labor reformers, "What good do you think it is going to do you to raise your wages? Don't you know that if you raise your wages, your employers will have to raise the price of their wares, and those who buy will have their wages raised to meet the advanced cost—that the wages in one trade regulate the wages in another, till the whole round of production is affected, and the cost of living is increased just in proportion as wages are advanced?"

We answer, yes; we are aware of something like this. We know that capitalists will not, if they can help it, consent to reduce their receipts. They will have their profit—if they can get it. They have got it hitherto; but we mean they shall have less. And here is our issue: AN EQUALIZATION OF THE REWARDS OF INDUSTRY. We hold that the working man's time is worth as much, and should be as well paid, as his employer's; that the employer's dividend should pay him for his investment in the business and the expense of carrying it on, and no more than this, excepting fair wages for his time. This is right, and we mean to bring it about. First, by an Eight Hour Law, through the operation of which we expect to educate and elevate the workingman, to make him stronger and more respectable when he is ready to demand his rights; and, second, by co-operation.

We have seen that the wages of workingmen hitherto, even under the most favorable circumstances, has not been sufficient to enable them to lay up anything without deprivation of life's comforts, and then nothing of any account; while the spoils which capitalists take from labor make them rich. We have seen that the present system necessitates the existence of two classes—the rich, who employ, and the poor, who are employed. We have clearly comprehended that the tendency of both poverty and riches is towards vice and degeneracy; and that we, in this country, are fast approaching those social conditions in the old world, in which rich men's sons, from fullness and recklessness, fall into dissipation, or for want of that development which the struggle of life alone gives, become inefficient; and poor men's sons, with only inevitable toil and poverty before them, grow up without ambition or self-respect; and we are satisfied that a system which produces such fruits is wrong. A division of society into rich and poor is equally unfriendly to the best development of both classes, and consequently to the best interests of the commonwealth.

We aim to overturn such an order of things; and we begin by asserting our manhood. It is one of the assumptions which grow out of the present system, that capital should control labor. The capitalist has power because the workingman is necessitous—he must live, and is forced to take what he can get. We resist the assumption by combination and strikes. In this way we expect to make capitalists feel that we are men as well as themselves; and that we know and intend to maintain our rights. We also expect by the same means to attract public attention and excite thought, and so effect the public sentiment.

These are regarded by us as first and necessary measures. We very well understand that the work of elevating labor cannot be accomplished in a day; but this is no reason why we should not begin it. If there is not manhood enough in this country to begin this work now, there is little reason to hope there ever will be. Capital is growing more and more lordly and selfish; and just in proportion to its success in destroying the self-respect and self-assertion of its employees, is the increase of its arrogant pretention to control labor. The dogma that "capital should own labor," laid down by A. H. Stephens for the Southern Confederacy, was not peculiarly a slaveholder's view of the question, but expresses the secret sentiment of many a Northern autocrat. Nothing but the energetic action of the workingmen themselves—the firm, manly assertion of their rights as citizens, and their dignity as men—can save them from becoming in reality what practically they are now so near being—slaves.

Now that the scope of our work is understood, the objector will perhaps see some method in "Unions" and "strikes." We trust also that he will perceive that ours is no class movement in any objectionable sense, but a broad and comprehensive reform, whose success involves the best good of the whole country, and of the human race. We expect all good men to work for us.—*Boston Daily Voice.*

MR. NASBY SEARCHES THE SCRIPTURES, AND GETS COMFORT THEREFROM.

SAINT'S REST, (wich is in the Stait uv Noo Gersey,) Aug 11, 1865.

The contemplashun uv the Nigger hez, in time past, given me grate deel uv truble. Nigger hez to me bin a inkubus, a nitemare. I never cood see why the species wuz created, never cood I understand why they wuz put onto the face uv the earth, any more than toads or uther disgustin obgecks. But last nite a lite bust unto me—I seed it all!

I wuz low-sperited and deprest. Jeff. Davis a pinin in a loathsum dungun—the English capitalists a mournin for their cotton-bonds, and refusin to be comforted because the Confederacy is not—Mrs. Surratt a danglin in the air—Military Courts plenty and habis corpusis skarce—the loosenis with which people put ther munny into 7-30's—the soljers returnin and goin for constooshnol dimekrats, and the ginral demoralization uv Dimocrisy, all conspired to give me the horrors, and to add to my distres, the Jug wuz out! To avoid madnis, I took up the Bible (I board with a Justis uv the Peace who hez to keep one to sware witnesses on) and happened to open at the 9th chapter uv Jennysis. Yoo know all about that blessid chapter.

Noer, after the water went down, cum down from Aryat, went into farmin, and planted grapes extensive. One day he took a nip too much, and laid down with insuffishent clothin onto him. His 2d son Ham seed him in that fix, and when Noer awoke, while his hair wuz still pullin, he cust him, and his posterity, and sed they shood be servants forever.

Ham, (wich in the original Hebrew signifies a hind quarter uv a hog,) wuz the father uv the Afrikins, and they have been slaves ever sence.

I seed a lite to-wunst—I realized the importance uv the nigger. He is the connectin link in the chane of surkumstances wich led to the formashen of the Dimekratic party—he hez kept the blessed old masheen a runnin to this day.

Observe.

Whisky (or wine, wich is the samo thing,) made Noer tight.

Ham seed Noer inebriated.

Noer cust Ham, which turned him into a nigger and a servant.

That the skripters mite be fulfilled, the children uv Ham wuz brot to Amerika, to be servance here.

Wikked men set themselves agin the skripters, and tried tu maik men of the niggers.

The Dimekratic party ariz fur the purpose uv keepin the nigger down, and that deliteful bizness hez given them employment for mor n 30 years.

Ez i shet the book, I coud not help remarkin in the words ov the immortal sammist—

"Good Lord, upon what slender threads
Hangs everlastin things."

Sposin Noer, instid of plantin grapes had gon to practisin law, or into the grocery bizness, or byin prodocs on commisshun, or putten up patent medicins—he woodent hev got inebriated, he woodent hev cust Ham, Ham woodent hev turned black, ther woodent hev bin no niggers, no Ablishnists, and consequewntly no Dimokrats.

Or, sposin all uv Ham's children had taken the dipthiera and dide—the same results wood hev followed.

Whisky made nigger, nigger made Dimocrisy. Take away whisky and nigger, and Dimocrisy wood ent be of no more akkount than a one-armed man at a rasin.

Whisky! Nigger! Dimocrisy! Oh, savory trinity!

We don't none of us read the skripturs enuf.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

VIOLENCE IN KENTUCKY.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* furnishes the subjoined account, which is probably only a specimen of a class of quarrels and crimes likely to prevail for some time to come at the South:—

Warsaw is a town on the Ohio river, and though a majority of the inhabitants were secessionists, there are many good Union men there; and it has the credit of being the only town of note on the river, in Kentucky, between Cincinnati and Louisville, that successfully resisted the frequent attempts at invasion by armed rebels during the four years of terrible war.

On the day of election a number of *citizens* of Warsaw, and not "returned rebel soldiers," were arrested, and, as we understand, upon charge of illegal voting. And on the night of the 9th inst., the barn, with its large store of valuable contents, including farming utensils and a horse of Mr. Henry Sisson, was fired by some unknown parties, and entirely consumed.

A notice was found posted on the gate, a correct copy of which is subjoined by the consent of the Post Commandant. Although the composition is cruel and the spelling atrocious, and clearly proves the incendiary character of its author, who commits a most atrocious deed as an earnest that he will execute his threats to commit another of no less magnitude, and of a more heinous nature; that if Mr. Sisson, who is a quiet and good citizen, does not abandon his home and his property, which he has earned by honest toil, he is to be "butchered."

AUGUST 9, 1865.

This indenture is to certify that we warn you to leave in 30 days; if not, we butcher you. What we have against you, Henry, you have been very meddlesome kind of a body—reporter; and there has not been a man reported in Gallatin county but you done it. You reported them because you had the power to do it; and now, blame ye, we will butcher you because we have the power to do it, if you don't leave in due time. We have respect for your wife and daughter, not as we have any sympathy for you whatever.

We also demand your two sons to leave also. All the way you can have your life preserved is to have a Federal guard of about 110 men. I'll burn your barn to show you that we have great emergency against you, if you kill me this night. My trust is in God, and I hope he will carry me through safe. I'll burn your barn to-night if God spares me to do it. Some of my men want to run right in and butcher you without giving any notice at all, but we all come to an agreement that if I would burn your barn we would wait thirty days on you, for the respect of the women. If we take you and your two sons, after thirty days are over, we would kill you sure. All the men wanted to come to-night, to give him a little sight for his life, on the account [Here two or three words are not legible.] I hope this will be a good antidote to your Abolitionist principles.